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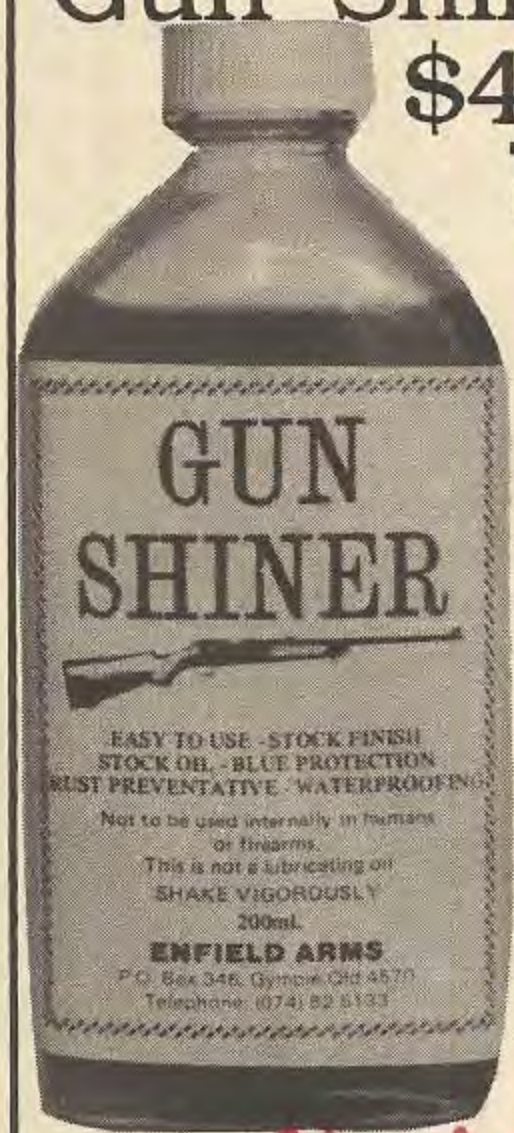

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR are welcome. If you would like to voice your opinion we will print as many as space allows. Send to The Editor, Jimi Hendrix, P.O.Box 872, Gympie Qld 4570.

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"WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCH LEADERS VISITING TRIBAL GROUNDS"
by Pro Hart

EDITORIAL !

For this Edition's Editorial we present Jimi's submission to the Office of the International Year of the Family. They were very grateful to hear from a canine point of view, and I am sure they will take as much notice of his submission as anybody else's (ie none).

Dear Mr International Year of the Family,

My name is Jimi Hendrix and I am four years old. I bet you don't believe it because I write so well. I am a member of a family; I am the family dog, a Staffordshire Bullterrier. If you don't believe I wrote this please find enclosed a picture of me at the keyboard. In our family there is Mum and Dad, Ron and Andi, and seven year old Maegan Sally; Cheese, a mouse, and two sheep in the garden, Bill and John. Nannie and Pappie live just round the corner and drop in often with delicious things for me to eat. They tell Ron they are table scraps but even he knows that sometimes they cook it specially for me.

Modern Stone Age Family

Maegan's teacher suggested that I write to you and let you know how I see the family from a more down to earth perspective, so to speak. Historically the family is the oldest community. It is the longest established relationship of more than two beings; it only takes the couple to add a pet then it turns from a couple to a family. I find it strange that the internationalists decided to proclaim this year as the Year of the Family, as over the last forty years internationalists have fought so hard to destroy the families and have tried to sweep them under the carpet. They hate cats, which I can live with, but they don't want dogs in families except in cages waiting to hit the wok in a Vietnamese kitchen in Carlton. They want us all registered, they want to put implants in our necks (so they can find us when we're lost, yeah and the Japs only wanted to come here in World War Two because they wanted to watch Hawthorn beat Geelong) and neuter all pit dogs when they don't even know what pit dogs are. They have stopped any future immigration of pit dogs, and we all know what the next step is. I just hope that he who thinks he must be obeyed has the good sense to disguise me as a poodle or something.

Ah, "For whom the bell tolls it tolls for thee"; that was a line in a poem I read once by John Donne - it means it's your turn next. He wrote it four hundred years ago and I don't suppose he would have known that it would still be about today and that his words would have been so relevant. It's dogs now but the families next. My family lives in Australia. It is a part of the world that can truly be related to a perfect paradise; the air is fresh, the food is in abundance (mostly imported these days) and the tank water is pure and uncontaminated. Well those are all the good things and they are very important, but I am what you might call a disinterested party as not being human, and I can observe the organised contamination of the family.

I suppose the earliest inroad into families was the abortionist; the murder of a hundred thousand junior Australians (who might one day want a family pet). Yes that knocks the families about. Even the trauma of the mother knowing what's happened reflects on the rest of the family. Not to worry though, *Neighbours* is still on the telly and life goes on.

Who said you can't teach an old dog new tricks?

Meet the Flintstones

Yes, the family telly. Most families wouldn't have a family if they didn't have a telly. You see the children love the telly more than they love their parents, the mothers love the telly more than they love their husbands and the husbands love the football or cricket on the telly more than they love their families. If it's on the telly it must be true. If it's on the telly it must be real. The telly can excite all the emotions, fear, anger, laughter and love; what hope does a family member have against this powerful drug? I watch the pet food ads of course. I am normal; even though I do prefer Whiskas to Pal I'm not one of those queers. The telly puts hot and cold bodies in sex and horrific murder in moving colour 24 hours a day, removes the real world and supplants it with fantasy.

The contamination of families continues with the rise of the academic socialist lawyers gaining power in politics or the bureaucracy because the telly mollifies the brilliant leaders that we should have. "Oh, I'm too busy to stand for Council, Senate or Parliament and what the hell, *Neighbours* is on at 7 o'clock." So these queer leaders of ours go gladly destroying the moral fabric of families, legalising homosexuality, legalising drugs, multiculturalism, vilification acts and the quick divorce. I often wonder why the state wants the children. They must be expensive to keep like that but the State wants them for better or worse. I have noticed of school teachers I have known that all the middles aged ones with moral values have been pensioned off. They went gladly as they could not handle the concepts of filling children's heads with political correctness rather than education. I have heard them going on for hours on

how the education syllabus has made nationalism change into a dirty word.

The new educators claim that nationalism caused all the wars and give kids twisted history books to prove it. They teach the green machine; we all share the planet and we are all responsible to mother earth. "Just look at what your Anglo-Saxon race has done to the world. Look at Africa, India, South America, Asia, and Aboriginals. It's all your people's fault."

You'll Have a Gay Old Time

The kids have to put up with AIDS infected queers who live with other AIDS infected queers coming into the schools lecturing on how normal it is to be queer, while the government has the police there to ensure that the parents do not object. In my father's time they had police at school to lock queers up who were hanging around the schools, but how things have changed.

In fact everything is reversed. Our academic politicians have given the keys of the lunatic asylum to the inmates and turned them loose to prey on the rest of us. We now have to put bars on our windows and they have turned the country itself into a jail. We now have to accommodate the criminals in our society, our politicians are the jailers, our last vestiges of common law rights will disappear with the flag and the constitution. Now the good citizens are the only ones that have a chance to go to jail as they cannot afford a lawyer, and if they are not a criminal they cannot get Legal Aid. But it doesn't matter, when Dad's in jail the state will look after his kids and not to worry, *Neighbours* is on at 7 o'clock.

The families are being broken up and rent asunder. In the future there will be no place on the carpet for the family dog. The families are being repossessed because they have been so busy watching telly they have failed to notice that this wealthy abundant country of ours is in subjugation to a foreign power and Australians are all economic slaves to the whim of the international banks. When you are watching the ads on the telly for a fifty thousand dollar motor car just cast your mind back to 1970 when you earned $100 a week and you could buy a brand new Australian car for $2600. Yes, that's half a year's pay. If Dad saved or Mum went out to work they could buy one. How many Australian dads earn $100,000 today, which would bring you up to that standard of living now? $2600 to $50,000 is 2000%. That is the inflation on buying a motor car over the last twenty years. Did they tell you that on the adverts on the telly or on the news? No?

Well it gets worse. Those new cars are only designed to last four years and then they have built in design features that will ensure that parts will need to be replaced, so if you do not replace your car you have to replace parts. The price of the parts are fixed at eight times as much as the parts that go into a car so if you would replace the car in parts it would cost not $50,000 but $400,000. Unbelievable? Try it.

Back to Bedrock

Australian families are in an economic dungeon and it creates domestics by the dozen, but not to worry, *Neighbours* is on at 7 o'clock.

The house payments for the house they never own, the life insurance policies that are worthless by the time they are paid out, the superannuation that takes money in charges faster then you or interest can keep up and will have disappeared down the inflationary plughole before anybody will see it. That's not

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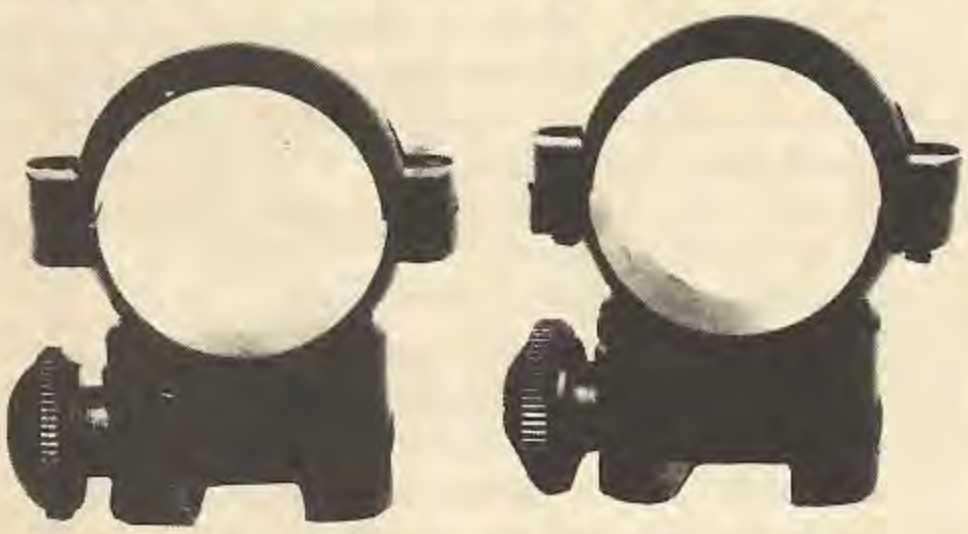

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Two more brains turning to sawdust (three if you count the bear), as yet another mother takes the easy way out and uses the electronic child minder.

true of course if you work for the government and if they had their way they would be the only ones working. After the banks have finished creating credit out of thin air which enables them to steal the shirts off the children's backs, the tax man wants his piece of the action. The small family business is driven to the wall by the bureaucrats; Health and Safety in the Workplace, Workers Compensation, registered trading names, accreditation; as soon as you hear the words "I'm from the government I'm here to help", wild maniacal laughter will echo around your head and you will know that it is time to head for the hills.

Yabba Dabba Doo

Accreditation is going to be the greatest carbuncle on the backside of the Australian people. It will make the Irish potato blight look like a Roman banquet. It is due to be in full installation by the 31st June 1996. After that date no manufacturer will be able to buy raw materials from suppliers without producing an accreditation certificate; he won't be able to sell to a customer without his customer giving him his accreditation number; no number, no supply. The wholesaler will not be able to sell to the retailer without supplying his accreditation number. No retailer will get accreditation without having a cash register or a computer. There will have to be receipts for all goods. The tax man will be able to take his tax from small business much more conveniently as he earns it. When he banks in his account every month the tax man will have a look and say, "Oh there you go, you have turned over $50,000 last month, your books have shown an 11 % net profit, we will take ours now, thank you very much." And you will not be able to argue.

The farmer will not be able to sell his cows to any who do not have an accreditation certificate and except for the ones that trip over and die he will not be able to kill his own. He will not be able to swap meat for a few gallons of petrol as the fuel companies will have every fluid ounce allocated with receipts ready for the twice-a-year audits that will be inflicted on all business no matter how small.

Of course the black market will thrive and the accreditors and tax men will build an army of dobbers and sneaks that will do nothing but claim rewards from the government. You are going to ask who is going to pay for all these audits and accreditation certificates? Well you know who that is before you ask, don't you? What does a person do? Live on vegies like a recluse or join in with the small-minded bureaucrats who will supervise this paper dictatorship?

I bet you think that this is science fiction, but all the legislation for this is already in place so don't bother writing to your local representative, as he has already voted for it. Of course this whole mess will fall apart soon. There is no way it can keep rotting and permeating for much longer. When finally the last worker goes home, when the last small businessman closes his doors, when the last farmer walks off his land and they have repossessed the last private house to make way for an Aboriginal tribal holiday camp, Australians will sit down beneath a gum tree and play cards until they get very hungry or the world falls in on them.

When it's all over and all the families have had to put a large percentage of its members in holes in the ground, after the dogs have been fighting over human bones, when the man made viruses of AIDS and flesh rotting Ebola have mutated themselves to death, I prophecise that just like last time a new society will come out of the ashes like the Air Dictatorship in H G Wells' book *The Shape of Things to Come*. Just like the World Pax the League of Nations after the War to end Wars and the United Nations after the war to end that. Give up your sovereignty, give up your families, give up all your individual human rights, and give your allegiance to the New World Order. Take the implant, take the number on the forehead, it's time to pay for past apathy, anything is better then having to go without the telly. Do not worry any more, a man will come to help you from the government. Oh well, I'm only a dog and It won't affect me.

No man is an island,
entire of itself;
Every man is a piece of the continent,
a part of the main;
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less,
As well as if a promontory were,
as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were,
Any man's death diminishes me,
because I am involved with mankind;
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;
it tolls for thee.

(Note: this poem with all the works of John Donne were all banned and burnt by Hitler's tireless bureaucrats in the thirties and forties of this century. Will this decade's bureaucrats see it any differently?)

And now I have to go to find out what's happening in *Neighbours*.

Jimi Hendrix..

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER

PART TWELVE

Meantime we will express our darker purposes
the map there. Know we have divided
in three our kingdom, an tis our first intent.

King Lear

LS&B occasionally receives letters that say, "If only half of what you say is true, what is the world coming to?" Some, although interested, as they can see the ever increasing devastation that is being wrecked on the world, cannot believe the depth of long range planning and either believe in accident or the devil. I prefer to follow their moves in the history books. They plan their moves not to win a game of chess but plan their moves to lose a few games here and there and win the sets; the pawns, kings, queens and bishops fall by the wayside in the debris of human conflict.

Pontius Pilate asked, "What is truth?" This is a question that is so profound that Jesus Christ did not attempt to answer it, and makes us all very small if we try to tell people what it is. All we can do is to suggest to people the areas of history to go and look in and let them draw their own conclusions.

A Bright Young Star

H.G. Wells was a very prominent member of the Fabian Society. He had been invited to join the Fabians after his success of *Anticipations* in 1901. He lost no time in accepting it. His dalliance with the Fabians was short but powerful. He captured the younger Fabians with his daring recommendations of sexual freedom and the resentment he felt about those better nourished individuals who had never known the deprivations of a working class background. By this time of course "H.G" Wells, like the majority of the other Fabians, was a well heeled capitalist himself. H.G. could not help including reality in his work writing his life's experiences, and what he was involved in showed through in most of his work.

He had been an apprentice draper and hated it and broke away to be a pupil-teacher, even though he failed at first to get a degree. He married his cousin Isabel, but ran off with one of his pupils, who later became his second wife, and had his first success with *The Time Machine*. All these experiences were reflected in his work. In 1909 he wrote a book called *Ann Veronica*, a novel that depicts his passionate love for Amber Reeves, the gifted young Fabian who had one of H.G's babies. Then this story is told again in *The New Machiavelli*, which also includes the Webbs (Sidney Webb and Beatrice Potter-Webb, the husband and wife team who led the Fabians; Webb was later made Baron Passfield] as the Baileys in the story. He was a big supporter of the League of Nations and a firm believer in world peace under Socialism and never minded using the term "The New World Order". In one year he wrote one million words by hand (there were no computer terminals in those days) in his *Outline of History*. In his book *The Shape of Things to Come* in 1930, he wrote:

"From the point of view of the ecologist the establishment of the modern state marks an epoch in biological history. It has been an adaptation, none too soon, of our species to changing conditions that must otherwise have destroyed it. The immense developments and disasters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries show us mankind scrambling on the verge of irreparable disaster.

The infinite toil of millions of tormented brains, the devotion and persistence of countless forgotten devotees, gave for form and clear purpose in time to what were at first mere floundering and clutching towards safety. The threatened race did not fall back into that abyss of extinction which has swallowed up so many of the bolder experiments of life. In pain and uncertainty it clambered past its supreme danger phase, and now it has shrugged to such a level of assurance, understanding and safety as no living substance has ever attained before ..... and the common man has also been deprived of any weapons for his ready combativeness and of any liberty in its release.... and this present phase is the victory of creative power working through the individualities of a more intelligent minority, in the face of universal confusion, taking indeed advantage of that confusion to inaugurate our present order. That willful minority has opened the gates to a power and abundance of existence beyond all former dreaming."

H.G. Wells; draper, teacher, author, Fabian, Big Mouth.

Prediction or Dictation?

Prophesising the future which gave too close a look at the New World Order ground plan might have been one of the reasons for his break with the Fabians and high flying socialists. In his book *Russia in the Shadows* (1921) he describes how he met Frank A. Vanderlip at the Moscow guest house in Russia in 1920. Frank was one of the founding members of the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States and a director of the American International Corporation. You can imagine H.G. Wells, an ardent socialist visiting Russia, which he may have believed was a successful revolution by the workers, and finding one of the worlds richest capitalists in the heart of the opposition. Quote:

"Mr Vanderlip had been staying here, I gathered, for some weeks, and proposed to stay some weeks more. He was without valet, secretary or interpreter (an interesting thing to be without - an interpreter). He did mention once or twice that it was strictly financial and commercial and in no sense political ... I did not even ask how it could be possible to conduct business

the government, nor how it was possible to deal with a government upon strictly non-political lines. These were, I admitted, mysteries beyond my understanding."

What's a Sweet Young Capitalist Like You Doing in a Dump Like This?

When H.G. Wells was having subsequent conversations with Lenin, Lenin mentioned the subject and said:

"What do you think of this New Republican Imperialism that comes to us from America?" Lenin proceeded to explain the projects with which one American at least was seeking to dazzle the imagination of Moscow. There was to be economic assistance for Russia and recognition of the Bolshevik government .... but some industrial power had to come in and help Russia. HG said, "She cannot reconstruct now without such help". (Is history repeating itself now after seventy years?)

Now to put this in the correct perspective, this was 1920. At the same time as Mr Vanderlip was selling Lenin and the communists a foreign aid investment package, American troops were still fighting Lenin's communists in Vladivostok , the French were fighting with the communists in the Crimea, and the British were fighting, and had been since 1918, at Archangel and Murmansk. So H.G. Wells was perplexed, as he may have thought he was being a traitor to the United Kingdom but loyal to socialism, but was confused when meeting an American traitor who was loyal to capitalism in the same time and space. He could not see the darker purpose at that time.

Finger Lickin' Good

Russia had been at war with Germany for four years and suffered. The Revolution was almost now in a state of collapse. It was fighting an all fronts with white counter-revolutionaries backed with guns, ships, planes, and soldiers from the allied powers - USA, Britain, France and even Japan. The people were starving and eating the one commodity that there was no shortage of; that was of course human bodies. This situation was not the fault of the Russian people. These conditions had been engineered from the United States and Great Britain. This was the time that the international power brokers had been waiting for - this was the time for which they had been plotting for years. Lenin had to accept anything and everything they said or he would have been thrown to the crowds himself.

As soon as the deals were done, Herbert Hoover sent 800,000 tonnes of food. The Americans fed nearly every child in Petrograd (St Petersberg) and food trains were sent to every province. This saved the lives of millions of people; little did they realise that their sovereignty was the exchange and that they were now as the people were in the West; slave/servants to the economic world leaders. Herbert Hoover was a mining engineer and was involved in a mining scandal which saw him banned from the London Stock Exchange. This publicity brought him to the attention of the Rothschild family and they made him a director of Rio Tinto. The chairman of course was Lord Milner of Rhodes Scholarship and Round Table fame and was instrumental in assisting Rhodes Trust money to find its way to a good cause, Lenin via Sir George Buchanan.

Frank Furters & Ham Burgers

In 1916 the bankers were most upset when messages from Germany made it plain that the Germany could not keep the war going without another food supply, as war had been interrupting food production there too. This was a difficult problem as Germany was tightly blockaded by the British Navy. But not to be deterred, they planned to ship it from the USA, to Belgium and then on to Germany by rail. Rothschilds owned the railway line, and they made Herbert Hoover the Director of Commission for the relief in Belgium. It's doubtful that the food ever got to the Belgian public. The plan was so successful it kept the Germans in the war for an extra two years, allowing the US Government to join in the War to End All Wars.

When the US came into the war he was made National Food Administrator for the US Government and was responsible to stimulate the American food production. In 1917 to 1918 he sent $18.5 million of food to Europe, and it was in this position that he commanded Major General Haskell to organise the food supply to Russia. This effort lasted until 1923 when it was determined that the communist regime was no longer in danger. This food aid cost $78 million, four to five times more than they sent off to World War One (remember a million dollars bought a lot of food in those days). $20 million was appropriated from Congress without too many knowing where the food was going, $40 million came from US charities, $8 million worth of medical supplies was donated by the U.S. Army, and the Russians themselves used $8 million of the

"Anyone for a drumstick?" These peasants were pushed over the brink into cannabalism. Loss of humanity shows in their faces.

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seized gold bullion that used to belong to the Czar.

This rescue from terminal disaster was initiated by the American International Corporation, whose chairman was of course Frank Vanderlip, former president of National City Bank. The other directors were Pierre Dupont, Otto Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb Co, George Herbert Walker, grandfather of President Bush, William Woodward, director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Percy Rockefeller, John D. Ryan, J.A. Stillman son of James Stillman principle organiser of the National City Bank. Although Rothschild and Rockefeller were the guiding powers behind the American International Corporation the National City Bank which was Rothschild-owned and supported, and backed J.D. Rockefeller before he was a millionaire or a billionaire, and as his riches increased he bought more controlling interest in the national banks - but no one knows how much of Rockefeller is owned by Rothschild. The other firm that drove this corporation was J.P. Morgan 's Guarantee Trust, which was 100% Rothschild.

With American aid came mobile soup kitchens along the railway lines.

"Now the die is cast." The National City Bank never closed its office in Petrograd and was never molested in any of the troubles and was open for business.

Litinoff, who used to be called Finklestein and was involved in the Tifles bank robbery with Stalin (see previous editions), signed a trade agreement in 1921 with Great Britain which ensured that gold sent in payments for machines would not be confiscated towards old debts and claims. This meant that gold bullion would not be confiscated by the British Royal Family who were the cousins of the Czar who originally owned the gold.

Deals Within Deals

Otto Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb & Co Bank negotiated with the Russian delegation at the Hague Conference and in 1922 the Chase National Bank established the American Russian Chamber of Commerce to promote trade. Standard Oil of New Jersey was one of the first to clinch a deal with the new bosses and bought 50% of the huge Caucasus oil fields, even though they had been nationalised. The Chase and Equitable Trust were the first to start lending in credits during 1920 but they were followed by Averell Harriman, whose partner in Harriman & Co was Prescott Bush, father of George Bush. Harrimans were backed by Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

In 1924 Harriman was granted a joint venture on the Chiatura Manganese mine which contained a billion dollars' worth of ore, enough for the world for fifty years. About the same time as this the Bank of England (remember it was a private bank) sold off the Czars gold that they had on deposit and used this money to buy an even bigger share in the Federal Reserve to the tune of $144,000,000. In 1927 Standard Oil built an oil refinery and another Rockefeller firm, Vacuum Oil, signed an agreement with the Soviet Naphtha Syndicate to sell Russian oil in Europe and loaned Russia $75 million. Later on when Stalin expropriated many foreign investments all the Standard Oil plants were left untouched. During the 1920s the principle companies doing business were Vacuum Oil, International Harvester, Guarantee Trust, National City Bank, Chase National Bank, Harriman and Co and Armand Hammer; Ford was probably the only one that was not controlled at that time by Rothschild and Rockefeller. Ford was building tractor factories in Russia in 1926 but his corporation was taken over by Paul G. Hoffman when Henry Ford died in 1947, and Hoffman was a Rockefeller man.

United We Stagnate, Divided We Grow

This was only the start of the greatest betrayal in history. The New World Order leaders betrayed the Russian workers, the Russian peasants, the Russian Communists and the whole human race. They created a divided world that lived in hate so they could continue to gain even more power. In 1986 Professor Anthony Sutton released his book *The Best Enemy Money Can Buy*. This resulted in his books being removed from the Library of Congress and his removal as a Fellow at the Hoover Institution. Strange, but his information did not get the same publicity as Watergate or Three Mile Island (Richard Carlton has not been chasing him around for a story). Professor Sutton's story continues from the above and the world media would not do anything to raise these points. Well here is some of the sort of thing that got Professor Sutton in so much trouble.

In 1934 President Roosevelt established the Export Import Bank to finance increased trade with the Soviet Union. During World War II the Chase Bank was the principle lending bank in handling the many billions of lend lease dollars. Roosevelt did not hesitate to supply Russia his three personal assistants, Alger Hiss, Lauchlin Currie and Harry Dexter White, who were all Soviet undercover agents. Yes, the guy you see pushing Roosevelt's wheelchair at the Yalta Conference wasn't really working for the President, he was working for "Black Joe Stalin" the bank robber. Hiss's mentor was Dean Acheson, formally from J.P. Morgan Guarantee Trust.

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REVOLUTION IN APATHRALIA

PART 12

by Robin Hood

Someone said once that things have always got to get worse before they get better, but in Apathralia things always get worse before they get even more dismal. The propaganda from the defacto government was a solid unpenetrating curtain of cotton wool full of "good news"; the economy was the best yet, the food production had never been better and droughts didn't exist. I say defacto as the farcial elections were so much a sham that it was like that "Goon Show" gag, "Here, take this photograph of a five pound note." They even had two parties; party A, smiling, kissing babies, and party B, kissing other party members. Both represented the international controlling power.

We always dreamed that America or England would come and save us, and talked with one another about how it might be if we lived in the old U.S. of A. in the Land of the Free. About a year ago the government announced that newspapers from the US and England would be released into the country again. They had been withdrawn a few years earlier, we were told because no one could afford to buy them, but we didn't always trust them on this sort of advice.

We thought that America, the West, represented the light of freedom. The West was not only the stronghold of the spirit but also the the depository of wisdom. This was it. At last our subterranean kingdom was about to be pierced with the diamond-bright, diamond-hard, ray of truth and hope. At last Apathralian censorship, held for years in the grip of a bulldog's jaws, was to be relaxed. Now those newspapers would show people the truth. They would be standing up for us, for freedom in the world.

The Turkey Has Landed

Before the *Washington Post* arrived in the shops at a hundred dollars a copy, little groups all over Apathralia had clubbed together to raise the money and sent their representative in to the shops to buy one. Furtively looking over their shoulders to make sure the state security was not following them, they took it to homes and factories and farms. But as they read and re-read those feeble insipid articles, so our hopes subsided slowly with it. These were the superficial words of people who had not the slightest idea of the savage structures that were imprisoning us.

They talked about sex and rock and roll, about their heroes on the television, about the improving world economy and world unemployment was up to only 50%. There were no criticisms of other countries' governments, they were all justice and light in the United Nations. That was of course precisely why it had been allowed back on sale. Human nature is full of riddles. One of these riddles is, how is it that people who have been crushed by the sheer weight of slavery, and cast into a deep morose pit can nevertheless find the strength within themselves to rise up and free themselves, first in spirit and then in body. While those who soar unhampered over the peaks of freedom, lose the taste of freedom, lose the will to defend it; lost and confused they then crave slavery, plunge themselves into mass blindness and live in voluntary self-deception.

Some other people without being told know instinctively where the problem lies and know what to do to hurt the enemy without, even thoroughly understanding how or what real effect they have. They seem to appear from within every community. The freedom movement always needed money, and because most of the supporters and patriots were law abiding citizens by nature and education, finding people to run in and rob banks and government institution was a little difficult, but where there is a will there is a way.

I'd Like to Make a Withdrawal Please

The way was brilliant as it had a dual purpose of raising the needed monopoly money to fund the cause and it exposed the credit creation of the banking system. Having the power to make money out of thin air, they could pay men to do anything. That funded the power brokers who controlled the media and government. Without giving out loans their basic formula is

Heat sealers were very popular with Apathralian handymen.

broken and if they got stung too often the bank workers became reluctant to lend to anybody, and the enemy's funding process was reduced.

Of course the bank will eventually insist that they have one hundred percent identification on everybody, but as the Apathralia Card or Smart Card with its implants is not quite here yet and the government have to talk about putting implants into every human body on our continent, this is waking people up; fear is a great motivator. This has exposed the system's weak spot.

It started out with clever concerned citizens working late on a government-owned PC which had publishing programs and a full colour printer. They manufactured at first Bank Cheques so well that tellers could not tell the difference. Shopkeepers cashed them for goods and change, the banks took them with the shopkeepers' bankings and accepted them. Even when they found a fraudulent one they never said, as they knew that if it became public then everyone would copy it and no one would accept their cheques any more.

Money For Nothing

If someone tried to cash one at the counter for cash the dutiful bank teller would phone up the initiating bank to check its

validity and charge the customer for the process but mostly the funds that had paid for this Bank Cheque had been transferred from another account, so they must have been good. But little did they know that the other account had been created in a false name and the money credited to it had been put in on a home-manufactured Travellers Cheque which had not been picked as yet by the system as it had been credited to the account but had not been denounced by the bank branch on Kangaroo Island, so at first glance everything is "A" okay and the cash is handed over.

"Mr Wong, Mr Wong, they've copied our travellers cheques!"

It probably started with the first desperate Apathralian that discovered that his Library Card was made with the same process that manufactured his driving licence. It's called laminating. Okay, they might shrink the card and digitalise it so it's remembered on their computers, but the bank tellers don't have access to police computers as yet. So a form is prepared on the PC desk top publisher and then a small photograph is attached and this is then stuck inside a the plastic sleeve of the library card with the library inner card removed. A clear glue and Bob's your aunty.

Of course some got more involved using names from tombstones and manufacturing birth certificates, then these people would apply for driving licences in the normal way, once establishing some ID. It would be used to gather other legitimate paperwork. Accounts would be applied for and then left to be activated, sometimes by other fictitious persons taking the funds out in another area, but using the semi-legitimate one to launder the money through. Of course success breeds success and it wasn't long before some enterprising soul did things the other way round. They found vacant lots of land that obviously had absentee landlords. The patriots would then do a title search and get the correct number of the block with the person's name and address.

Sussing the Situation

They sometimes would contact the person and make him an offer on the telephone, find out if he wants to sell, what it's worth, who owned it previously, who does this guy bank with and does he bank in the town where the block is situated? Then of course you have a name to manufacture the driving licence and the title deeds in. The next move is to go a local branch and open a twenty dollar account in the name of the title holder, fluctuate the amount for a few months and then ask for an a appointment to see the Manager. The story he is given is that you wish to buy a boat and need a loan; would he accept the mortgage on the land so that you can buy the boat that you have just come across and need the readies straight away as it's a steal at the price.

When you send the deeds in and the bank Manager has had a look at the vacant block they will then phone up and check the deed title. Then the Manager phones up the message service and you then phone the Manager and he says, "Yes, call around and pick up the cheque, and bring us the deeds down with you. Just a little paper job and we can give you the cheque for forty thousand dollars."

The Manager is happy, maybe he is on commission. The block of land most probably was worth $100,000. The boat worth $40,000. He doesn't care if you don't pay the 30% interest, he won't even care about the $160,000 that you would have to pay before you cleared the debt. Well, not until he finds out when they try to repossess the block that their titles are a forgery, but by this time several months have gone past and no one can remember what the man looked like. Meanwhile he has cashed the cheque in another phoney account and has collected it in cash over a three week period, just two to three thousand dollars at a time, "Buying second hand furniture, you know".

This money was directed to buy safe houses for the Resistance and pay for the spread and publication of our literature which is desperately trying to wake up the Apathralians before it's too late.

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SNIPER

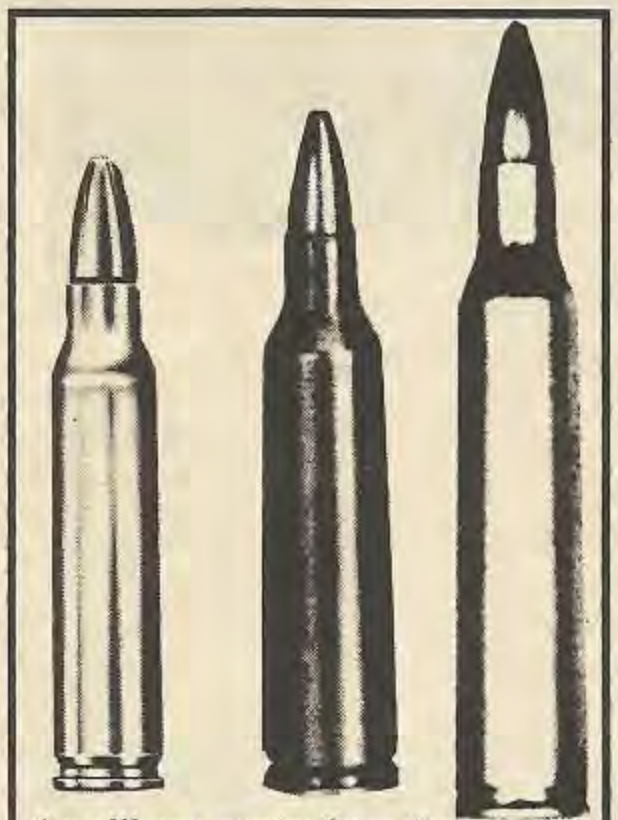
BY RON OWEN

PART NINE

Okay, I goofed. Everyone knows a PPSh41 has a 72 round drum magazine, and not as I stated a fifty. It's good to know that so many people really read these articles so thoroughly. I do try to be thorough when I research these articles, but I am human and after eight articles on this subject and eighteen thousand words, please forgive one slip. I should have not tried to use memory but checked it in a book, so for the 78 people who wrote in this is my answer; I am very sorry and I will not do it again.

What Gat Should I Get?

Most all the other letters we receive are from concerned citizens asking, "What sort of a long range sniper rifle should I buy?" Well it really isn't as simple as that. If there was one perfect rifle we would all have one. It's the principles that count. We have briefly looked at the operations of short range quiet sniper rifles in previous editions, now we will discuss the long range aspects of sniping. Selecting a sniping rifle calibre is always a subject of discussion and has been for over a hundred years, but if you know the basic principles it makes the choice easier.



Smallbore centrefires (l to r) 223 Rem, 22-250 Rem and 220 Swift

The Principles

1. To be as accurate as possible.
2. To be efficient, not create massive breech pressures which would have to be handled by making the rifle ungainly or too heavy. ie .50 cal.
3. To have good ballistics, flat trajectory.
4. Powerful enough to have good penetration at 1000 yds plus.

You can see by this that there have to be trade-offs or compromises of many different types. For instance there is no point in having either the most accurate or the most powerful if it cannot be manoeuvred by one man for thirty miles a day, every day of the week. He of course has to carry his full kit, so that limits his rifle and scope to within 14 or 15 pounds maximum, as snipers depend on mobility for attaining their position and ensuring their retreat. Fire and movement is the key to survival. So forget the .50 cal bolt action and the 20 pound experimental bench rest rifle.

Bigger Not Always Better

Powerful cartridges are great but another factor is recoil. The big African Game rifles are powerful but have trajectories that copy a falling stone. They also weigh 30 pounds so unless you have a dark gentlemen who calls you "Bwana" to walk behind you carrying your kit and is so devoted to you he will throw himself in front of the incoming bullets, leave it behind too. It would be so disappointing to turn around to take up your rifle and see the whites of his heels disappearing over the horizon.

On the other end of the scale is the 223 Remington and the 22-250 and the 220 Swift. These are great flat shooting rifles out to 400 yds with little recoil. They are easy to teach to non-professionals and soldiers. There have been reports of the military SS109 (the 63 grain military version of the .223 Rem) shooting quite accurately out to 1000 yards, and that is a great effort, but a sniper's bullet might have to penetrate a bullet proof vest or a car door to find its home, and although it might have only dropped 125 inches at 600 yards it has only 200 to 300 foot pounds of energy left at this distance. This is similar to the 22 rimfire Stinger at the muzzle.

The science of ballistic s is quite complicated, but it is essential that the basics of it are grasped. I always think of throwing rocks to remind me of the basics. Throw a small light one, it goes fast and relatively flat. Throw a half brick and it lobs high, it has a much higher trajectory arc but retains its thrust longer enabling it to have the edge on distance (thrown from the same arm of course). Thinking of that same throwing arm, imagine it has a javelin which is the same weight as the half brick. When thrown from the same arm it will leave with approximately the same velocity but as it is longer and thinner it has less air resistance (drag) than the rock, so it travels much further. Its shape will enable the javelin to retain its energy and velocity.

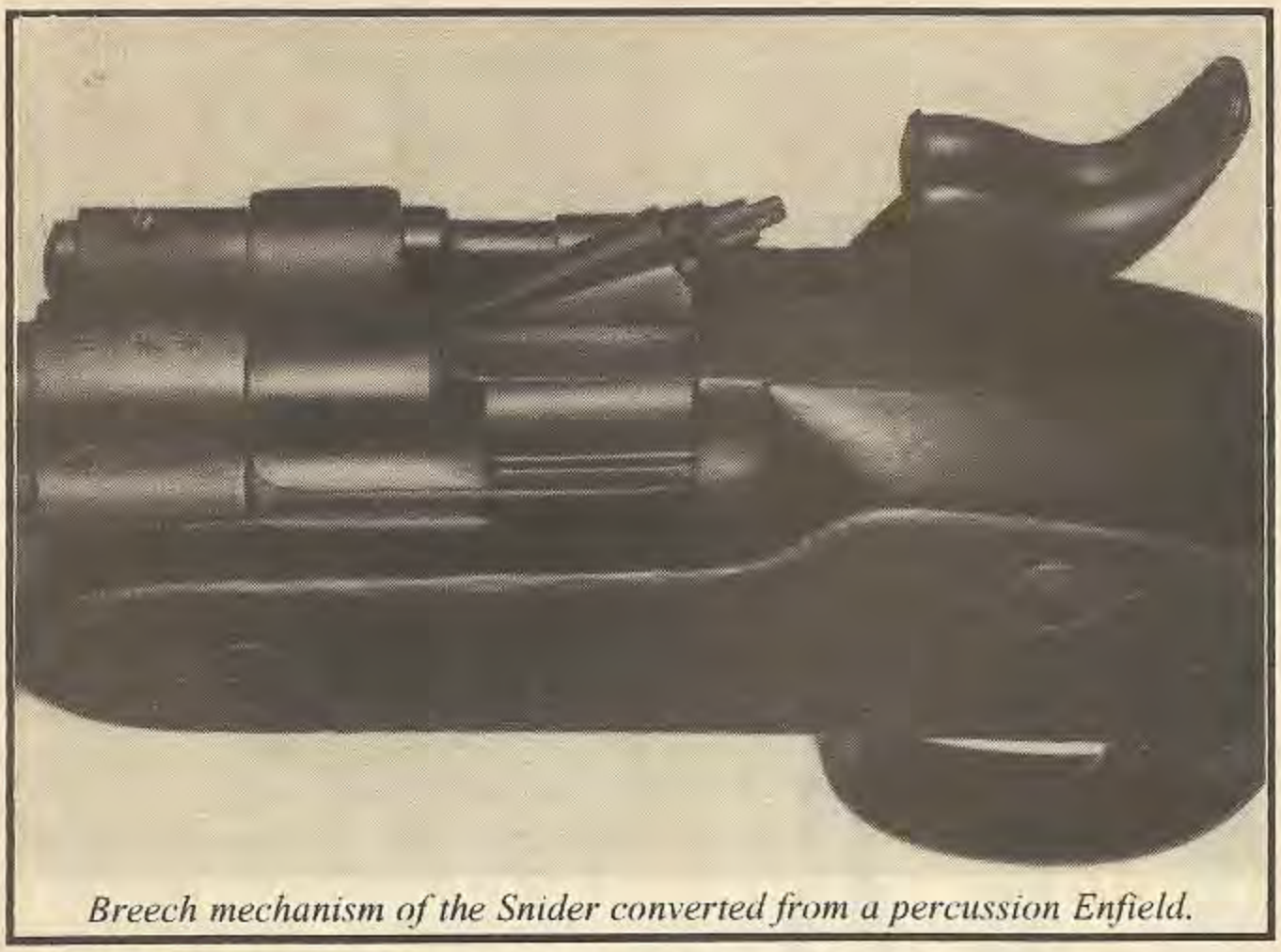
Another factor to consider though is that anyone standing underneath the trajectory curve would be undamaged by the big rock and the javelin; they would be unhurt except if they were standing at where the rock or javelin was leaving the arm (point blank range) or when they were landing, when the curve was within 5 or 6 feet of the ground. To emphasise that let's look in the history books.

The Battle of Arogi

This was during the British Army's campaign of 1868 in Abyssinia; what the British Army was doing there is a mystery to me at the moment, but the Brits always had a war on somewhere just for practice to make sure they earned their pay. General Napier was running the campaign. The soldiers were armed with the Snider rifle, rifles that had started out as muzzleloading Enfields and had been converted to breech-loaders by B.S.A. in .577 calibre.

Because of a tactical mis-appreciation (in other words, another cock up) on the part of the force commander, a depleted battalion of the 4th King's Own Regiment (hailing from Lancashire), probably 300 to 400 riflemen, found themselves receiving an attack from some 7000 charging warriors. This wouldn't have thrown these guys, they probably thought they were in the back streets of Liverpool or Manchester being attacked by coal miners who had found that the landlord had been watering down the beer. This was the first time that the Snider rifle was used in action and the results were instructive.

"In the centre, near the colours. Colonel Cameron also watched intently, gauging the range and speed of movement of the



Breech mechanism of the Snider converted from a percussion Enfield.

enemy. This was an experienced soldier who knew his business and he wanted the first blast of musketry to be a devastating one so that although the Snider was effective at five hundred yards he waited resolutely. When the approaching line was some two hundred and fifty yards away he judged the time ripe. He took a firmer grip on his reins, cast a final look left and right along the line of intent, bearded faces, and in a clear, unhurried voice gave the order to fire. Three hundred blue barrels came up together and three hundred hammers clicked back to full cock. The first burst of fire ran down the line with a noise like a great tearing of canvas and a wide gap appeared abruptly in the centre of the Abyssinian line as the storm of fire hit it.

The first volley did not stop the charging Abyssinians, who came on gallantly, apparently (and perhaps understandably) convinced that this skirmish line would not stop them. They were mistaken.

"The British were firing independently and by the time the more deliberate shots had fired their first rounds the quicker were ready with their second. The fire was continuous; six or eight rounds a minute were quite possible with the Snider, so that the line was probably producing thirty or forty well- aimed shots each second. Not a lot, to be sure by modern standards, but remarkable then. With the possible exception of some of the foreign observers, no one present had previously seen breechloaders in action, and to men accustomed to volleys the fire was frightening in its intensity."

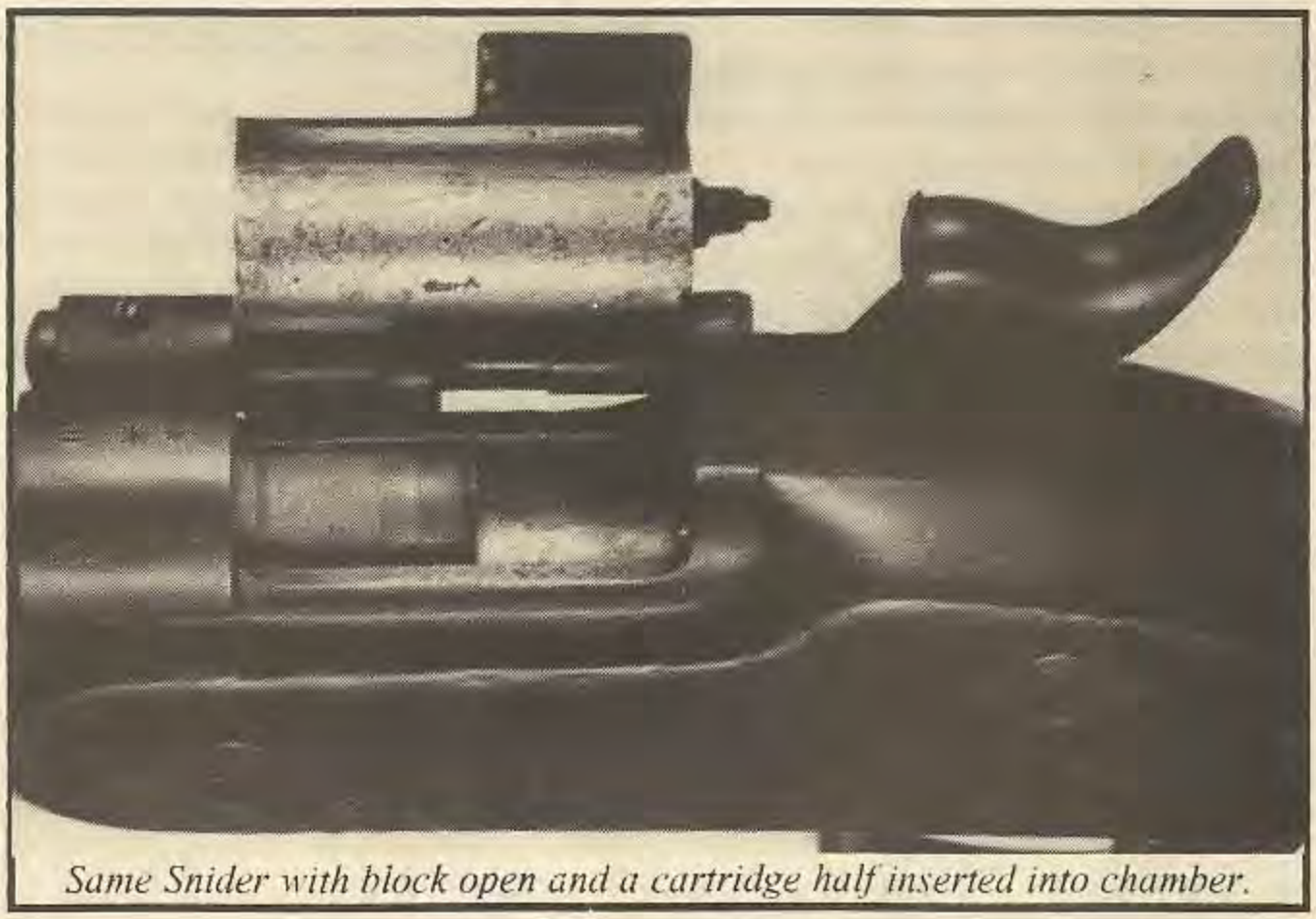
Knowledge is Power

The narrator was impressed by the speed of fire of the breech loader, but there is another tale to this story. The commanding office was clearly familiar with the trajectory tables of the bullet as he deliberately held his fire until the charging enemy were in a dangerous space which extended right up to the muzzles of the rifles. The velocity of the heavy lead bullet, short and round nosed, it had a muzzle velocity of 1100 feet per second, meant that in order to hit targets at ranges over 250 yds it was necessary to elevate the rifle considerably. He knew though that when the Abyssinians were closer than 250 yards that his men's bullets would all be in the initial dangerous space as their average height was 5 to 6 feet tall that it wouldn't matter as the trajectory was flat enough to allow 2.5 feet either way and still strike a hit on an Abyssinian, even if his soldiers did not aim that well or failed to adjust their sights correctly. He also would have been aware that at that range the low shots would ricochet at a low angle and still inflict casualties and the high shots would drop some in the 250 to 300 yards and inflict casualties on the back row of the charging masses of men.

You've Got to Hit 'Em First

In our enlightened modern times with almost unlimited access (to date they have not been banned yet) to reloading manuals like Sierra, Hornady and Speer, plus the availability of computer programmes that can give more information than you can use as long as it has the muzzle velocity, sectional density and ballistic coefficient of the bullet. Please burn this into your brain. These figures are good reference guides; they are calculations, they can help with comparisons of bullets, all else being equal. But never rely on them without checking your rifle and a target at the range. You require to get hits.

We will discuss ballistic coefficient and sectional density in later editions of Sniper, but let us return to the principles and understand thoroughly why it is important to learn this science.



Same Snider with block open and a cartridge half inserted into chamber.

A hundred and fifty years ago this science was just beginning, and as the capabilities of the rifle increased the science of ballistics chased the developments and tried to find answers to the results the field operators were coming up with. In England with its confined space, experiments in mass rifle fire were exceedingly difficult to organise, but in India, where keen soldiers had the time and the inclination, it was not difficult to make considerable tracts of land available for large

experiments.

Trailblazers

For example the "Report on Musketry Instruction, India for 1890/1891" we find many useful and interesting experiments were being carried out. The Musketry School at Changla Gali did a great deal of night firing using improvised rests made of logs, and they also used strips of luminous cord to help the soldiers maintain elevation. At least one night firing exercise was conducted with the help of a battery of artillery firing starshells, the targets being arranged to represent crowds of men at 800 yds.

By day they experimented with controlled volleys against targets in dead ground so that the relatively high trajectory bullets skimmed over the intervening high ground and plunged into target screens. Six percent hits were achieved at 1650 yds, which would have astonished most infantrymen ten years before this, and would astonish modern day soldiers who are trained for a 300 yds usage of his small arm and are told to rely on others such as artillery or air to ground support for those distances. The School of Deolali was even more modern in outlook, for it concentrated mainly on comparative trials of riflemen and early machine guns.

When thirteen officer students with rifles fired a comparative test against a rifle-calibre Nordenfelt machine gun, they produced about the same effect at 500 yds but beat it at 1000 yds. Oddly enough the Sergeant students did much worse. Maybe it was a late night in the Sergeant's Mess. This test also was repeated with similar results with a Gardner machine gun. The idea I am trying to instil is that theory and information are invaluable but tests in the field are absolutely essential, and while the rifle range is good, if you can get in the open and experiment at shooting at targets, downhill, uphill, when it's sunny, when it's raining, when it's windy, when it's still, at 400, 600, to 1000 yards, only then will you be able to select the best calibre for your particular needs.

A late 19th Century School of Musketry; a time when weaponry was an art form.

This is a massive subject and we will continue in Edition 19. If anyone has any comments on long range calibres please send them in (not in bullet form of course), and we will try to fit them in. I am a 6.5 x 55 fan myself, but I am always willing to learn.

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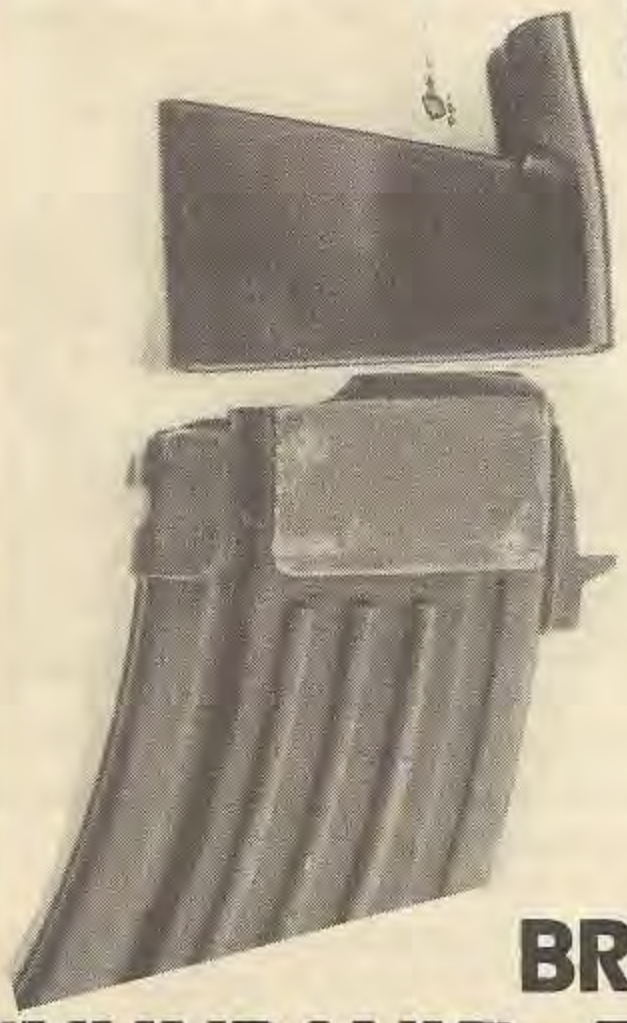

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Bop Till You Drop by L van der Post

While the world may have been shocked by the televised "execution" of two so-called "right wing extremists" in the South African homeland of Bophuthatswana, it was notable that there was very little backlash from the international community. Neither were full details provided on how these two men were first abused and then killed in cold blood in front of a full media contingent.

For several days in early March this year President Lucas Mangope of Bophuathtswana defied the joint wills of F.W. de Klerk and Nelson Mandela and refused to give assurances to the Independent Electoral Commission that he would cooperate by participating in the upcoming South African elections. This resulted in widespread rioting and looting throughout the homeland. Mangope accepted an offer of help to restore order from the AWB. With the Bophuthatswana Defence Force they proved to be a bad combination, and so the Afrikaner Volksfront's attempt to prop up his crumbling government ended in failure.

Chaos and Anarchy

In the confusing scenes that followed whole shopping complexes were looted and gun battles broke out in the streets, leaving hundreds of casualties. It was one of these fire fights that resulted in three AWB "soldiers" being arrested by BDF policemen and detained in their blue Mercedes at a police roadblock. One was badly wounded, perhaps already dead, the two others pleading for medical help for their friend. More than a dozen journalists and cameramen witnessed their arrest, and even had ample time to interview them as they sat under armed guard.

President Lucas Mangope

But perhaps their interest was more toward the story, as they did not make any move to help the wounded man, neither did they follow up in seeking medical assistance from elsewhere. One journalist claims to have approached a Colonel Marx and was told that an ambulance was on the way. This is doubtful, as more than half an hour later all three men were dead with still no sign of an ambulance.

And if the camera crews felt any concern it only showed in their haste to capture the action on film they most unprofessionally let the sound boom fall into shot. You may have noticed it on television, it looked like a black stick held by a white hand. Perhaps it was faulty in that it did not pick up the cries of the media to make the policemen stop. Or perhaps not.

Simply Murder

The following is an account of what happened by Peter DeIonno of the *Sunday Times*:

"Alwyn Wolfaardt's face sagged when he looked up as a shot was suddenly fired into the head of Mr Sarel Fourie, lying apparently dead behind him.

Saying nothing, Mr Wolfaardt turned away and let his face slump into his hands on the ground as the policeman stood over him and fired a single shot into the back of his head.

Mr Uys, who lay propped up and bleeding against the back wheel of a blue Mercedes-Benz halted in a furious firefight outside Mafikeng, could only watch helplessly.

Then it was his turn. A second policeman, howling like a madman, stepped forward, levelled his R4 assault rifle and fired repeatedly at Mr Uys, making his body buck and quiver.

The screaming gunman seemed berserk, swinging his rifle in an arc across a group of journalists and police who had gathered outside Bophuthatswana police headquarters on the Vyburg road."

Isn't it strange, though, how nobody ever seems to shoot the vultures?

Rated G

All of this made for wonderful televised drama. Except, of course, for the families of the two murdered men. Ester Wolfaardt and her 8-year old daughter Annalise, as well as Mrs Uys and her children Retief (13) and Corne (8), all witnessed the murder of their husbands and fathers on the television, and will doubtless bear the scars for the rest of their lives.

Another interesting article, by Mpho Kobue, appeared in the *Sunday Times* of 13/3/94:

Police loot stores

"More than 80 Bophuthatswana policemen and defence members in the Odi region were seen slinging their rifles and other weapons over their shoulders and looting shops in the Mabopane Central City complex on Friday afternoon.

Defence Force members began by helping themselves to goods left behind by fleeing looters who had torched the complex.

Then police used teargas to disperse rioters before breaking into the OK Bazaars store. Policemen were seen carrying off electrical appliances and loading them into their vehicles.

Police shot dead at least four civilian looters.

And residents claimed they had seen eleven injured people and bodies lying in the doorways of other shops inside the complex.

There was also looting at the Garankuwa shopping complex, and other businesses in the area were looted and burnt down.

The looting began on Thursday evening, soon after news spread that President Lucas Mangope had fled Mmabatho."

Does "anything for a good story" include sitting by and watching as men are MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD!

As seen through the eyes of the assembled carrion, the "execution" of Fanie Uys. Bop policemen in foreground must be worried about ammo shortage.

Alwyn Wolfaardt, disarmed and not dangerous, surrendered to Bop police and was killed without the inconvenience of a trial, seconds after this photo was taken. His repeated appeals for medical attention for Sarel Fourie, centre, were apparently ignored by both media and police.

The photograph that you never saw in your mainstream newspaper - a large media contingent gathered like hungry buzzards where they witnessed a double murder while ignoring the victims' pleas for help.

Is this the price we pay for "eyewitness current events"?

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DEBT FOR NATURE SWAP

BY D.J. PINWILL

Australians, by nature, have a deep love for the land of their birth. Although our homeland is the driest continent on earth and its harshness and unpredictable nature requires a constant human struggle to secure any quality of life. We, nevertheless, have an eye for its strange beauty and an affinity with its sunburnt remoteness. Australians as a people have grown to fit their surroundings. A rugged and tough land has given birth to a rugged national spirit.

It is no surprise that most of us wish to keep our land and our environment in a condition that reflects our love for it.

How can we best preserve this heritage? Until recent years we have ensured this preservation by the implementation of special protected areas such as national parks. These areas are protected by legislation for the benefit of all Australians, both in the present and the future. Australians managing Australia for the benefit of Australians.

What Right Do They Have?

But during recent years this situation has changed. Since the time of Gough Whitlam and Malcolm Fraser we have been blessed with successive governments that have been hellbent on handing over our precious birthrights to other authorities - non-Australian. Australia has become a signatory to the United Nations Convention on World Heritage. This effectively means that the States have lost control over their own land and rivers. This has happened in spite of the Australian Constitution giving these powers directly to the States. Section 100 of our Constitution states: "The Commonwealth shall not, by any law or regulation of trade or commerce, abridge the right of a state or of the residents therein to the reasonable use of the waters of rivers for conservation or irrigation."

In spite of the clarity of this law the Commonwealth, by creating a situation whereby our High Court hands down political decisions rather than lawful judgements, have been able to bypass our Constitution. By invoking the so-called "External Affairs" powers of section 51:29 the Commonwealth has effectively demolished the democratic rights of the people of the various states to control their own lands. The external affairs fiasco has no limits. Any time Canberra wants more power over the states they need only to sign another international convention. The Commonwealth Government has now signed over two thousand International UN Conventions on all manner of subjects.

Tasmania felt the full impact of this situation during the Gordon below Franklin fight and again at present with laws regarding homosexuality being forced upon the Tasmanian Government and its people.

How does this new situation affect the preservation of our environmental heritage? There has been a rash of nominations to list areas of Australia on the World Heritage Inventory. Green activists along with other Australians who have a genuine concern for our environment have nominated all types of country in the belief that these places will be better preserved with this UN and international protection.

Who Are These People?

Let's look at this a little closer. The World Heritage Convention comes under UNESCO. What has happened is that a group of foreign countries, many of whom have an appalling record in their own domestic environmental issues, have been given say over parts of our homeland without us, the rightful owners, having even been asked if this is what we want. Why should anyone have the opinion that these doubtful foreign countries will do a better job managing our unique areas than we can ourselves? If UN management of the various hotspots around the globe is any indication of their efficiency then we don't have a lot to look forward to.

Some people maintain that a World Heritage Listing brings more tourists into those areas. This contention is thoroughly disproved by the evidence. Those areas listed have shown no increase in visitors.

One is left wondering why our Government has been so determined upon this course or action. Is there more to this World Heritage land grab than we are being told? Let's look behind the scenes.

Perhaps we can find a clue in the Chicago Tribune newspaper of September 30, 1987. Headlines: "Banks Strike A Deal With Conservationists". Quote: "Some of the world's most powerful bankers advanced a bold new strategy for dealing with environmental degradation in the Third World. Dubbed a 'Debt for Nature Swap', the plan calls for outside forces to pay off parts of a targeted country's outstanding debts in exchange for concessions to protect natural regions. Among those at the Colorado conference were David Rockefeller, Edward de Rothschild and other major world figures. Sweatman advocated setting up a 'World Conservation Bank' to do such deals."

Amongst the many areas put forward for World Heritage Listing is Fraser Island off the Queensland coast.

This scheme is now in progress. The New York Times ran

an article "Bolivia to Swap Debt for Lands". Quote: "The Bolivian Government has agreed to exchange US$650,000 of its external debt for setting aside 1.5 million hectares. This agreement sets a significant precedent and momentum grows to make further use of this concept."

Again in the Australian January 26, 1988 - "Greenies Debt Plan For Peru". Quote: "Peru is considering an environmental groups proposal to buy a part of the huge Peruvian debt in exchange for a pledge by Lima to preserve natural areas. Costa Rica, Brazil and Chile have also expressed interest in the groups scheme."

The picturesque Buffalo Ranges in Victoria

Swapping national debt for control over wilderness areas is now an established fact. While the concept has started in South America we must wonder how long it will be before our national debt can only mean disaster in the not-too-distant future.

Call Cash Converters!

Could it be that sometime in the future our government will be trading off our national heritage to appease the international bankers? Certainly we have a debt problem. Certainly we now have huge areas under World Heritage. Given the "external affairs" powers a debt for equity swap is possible - even likely. The Australian public need not be consulted.

If you think this is all unbelievable then think again. The legislative groundwork to pawn our heritage for debt has already been laid. The Australian Protective Services Act 1987 does this. Section 6 states "The function of the Protective Service is to provide protection of property in which a foreign country or an international organisation has an interest." This act also sets up a police force which fits in perfectly with the World Conservation Bank's plan to introduce a Conservation Corps to police their acquired lands and assets.

It looks as though all those high minded greenies are nothing more than pawns in the international power play to gain control over the earth's pristine areas.

There is no argument about the need to conserve our beautiful wilderness, but those areas must remain under the control of Australians. They are not to be traded off in an attempt to make the nation's accounting system look better. Our present government is keen to expel all influence arising from our British heritage, saying we are an independent nation. However, at the same time, they are handing our independence and sovereignty away to foreign countries and bankers through a deadly web of international treaties and convention.

HAVE OUR POLITICIANS LET US DOWN?

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DOC HOLLIDAY

The Armalite Rifle 7 is a semi-automatic takedown carbine chambered in 22 rimfire (22LR). Made by a company called Charter Arms these days, it started out life on the drawing board of one of the most famous military weapons designers of this century.

It was the next step up the food chain for Eugene Stoner, designer for Armalite Division of Fairchild Engine & Airplanes Corporation. The AR7 was made as a refinement to the AR5 survival rifle, a bolt action chambered in 22 Hornet, that utilised the butt stock as a storage area for the metal parts when the firearm was not being used. This made it rather compact and portable.

The AR7 Explorer by Armalite or Charter Arms

Floats In Water!

As the rest of the butt stock was filled with foam the firearm was able to float in water, an important aspect as the rifle was designed for pilots in the United States Air Force (USAF) as a survival aid should they be up the creek without an amphibian, so to speak. The USAF liked the principle but not the style.

High tide at our Flotation Evaluation & Testing Facility (otherwise known as "the bucket"). Glug.

Eugene and his team then set about to make the USAF request happen and they came up with the AR7, which was released to the world in 1958. It was a simple straight blowback semi automatic magazine fed carbine using the same style butt stock as the AR5, with a cast alloy receiver and barrel shroud with a steel barrel insert.

Shaken, Not Stirred

Of course its initial popularity stemmed from its appearance in the classic James Bond movie *From Russia With Love*, where our ever-resourceful hero assembled his trusty AR7, while under machine gun fire from the baddies, to shoot them and their helicopter out of the sky in a ball of flames. Not bad for one shot out of a .22!

Fast As A Speeding Bullet!

Obviously not made with the target or silhouette shooter in mind, it is ideal for a camper or hiker, not taking up too much space, but still being rugged and reliable when the stakes are high and the chips are low.

Even with its small cartridge and short range the semi-auto allows you to use a bit of awareness and "Kentucky elevation" to get the second and third rounds on to the target. Most hunters know that you can stop game bigger than the twenty two should be capable of, although this would only occur in a survival situation.

Would You Believe ... Lingers Before Sinking?

As said earlier, the AR7 should float (kids, don't try this at home because this isn't my rifle). When I tried it, it failed. It floated for long enough to pluck it back out of the water if you had dropped it, but don't be too slow or you'll just be grabbing at bubbles. It does, however, float marginally better than a rock.

Shooting the AR7 was a real treat. It seemed to be set up for 50 yards, which is farther than I can see without a riflescope. For that reason most of the shooting was done at 25 yards.

Using Winchester Winner and Super Speed ammunition groups were about 3" high and kept to about 2" circles, not too bad for open sights off an impromptu rest. The most inaccurate part of the rifle (apart from me) was the trigger. This one was as painful as pulling teeth.

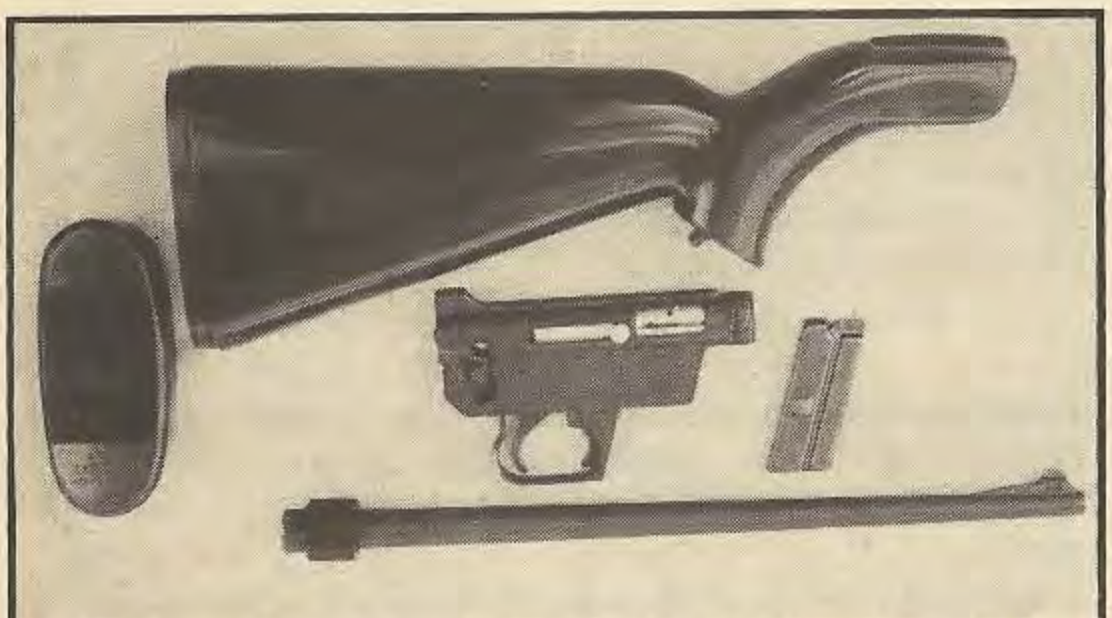
Reliability was not 100%, but very close to it. Out of 250 rounds it had one malfunction; one Super Speed failed to load. The bolt rode over the top of the cartridge, denting the case. There were no failures to fire, which I had heard is a problem with these rifles.

If you are looking for a handy outdoors firearm the AR7 is worth a closer look. For more information on exploring the full

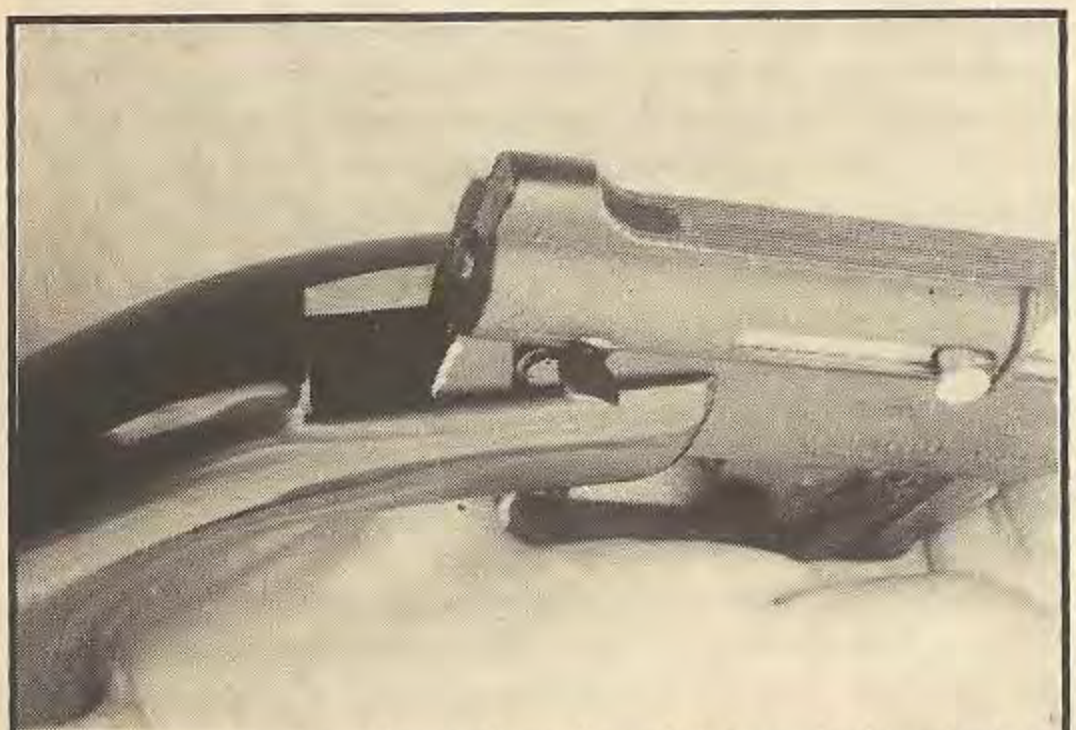
potential of your AR7 try John Dillenger Letter #4.
Your Brother in Arms.,

How to Assemble

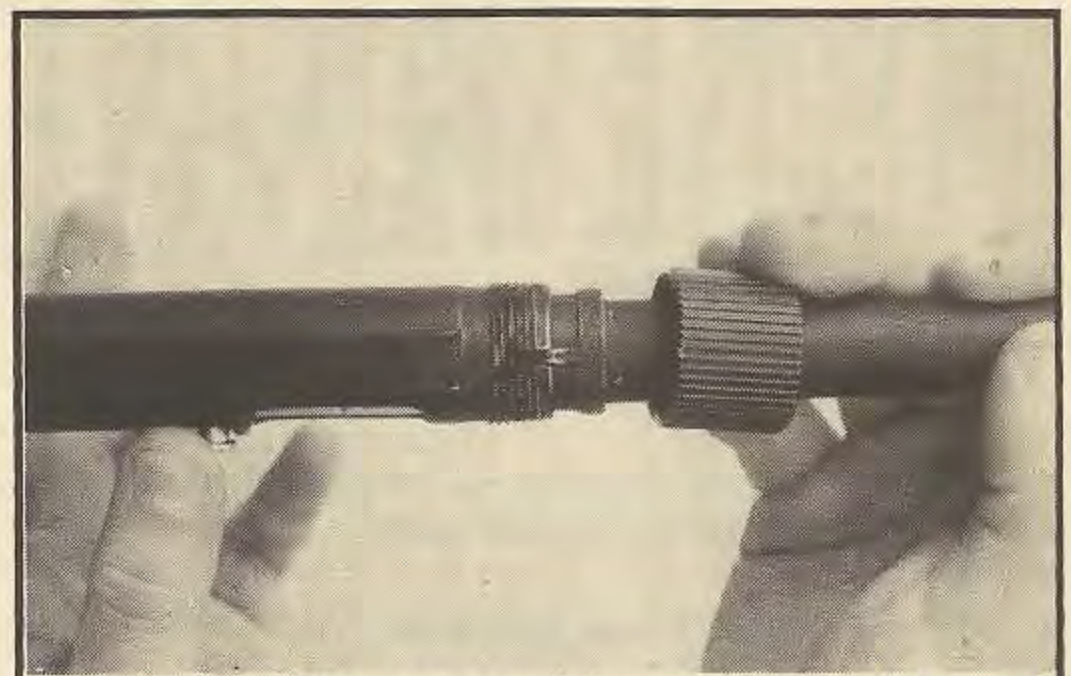
1. Remove buttplate cap



2. Remove barrel, receiver and magazine from butt stock.



3. Slot receiver into front of stock and tighten locking bolt in pistol grip of stock.

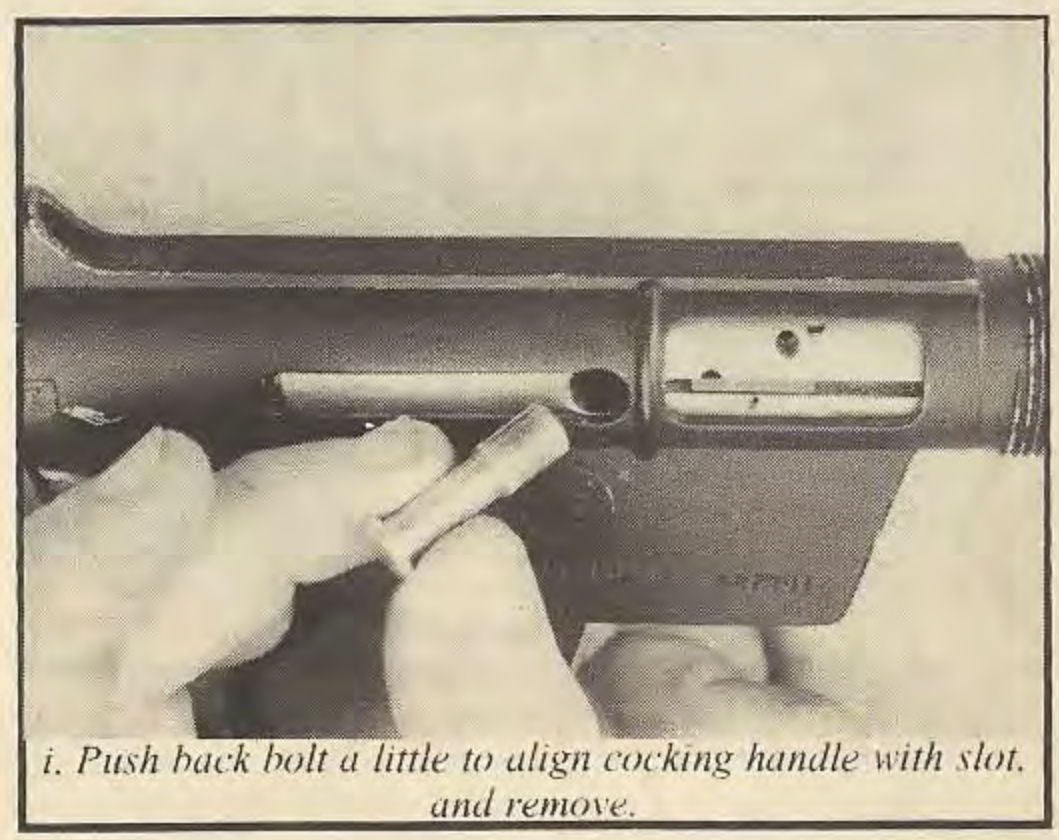


4. Insert barrel into receiver, lining up woodrough key and tighten barrel collet

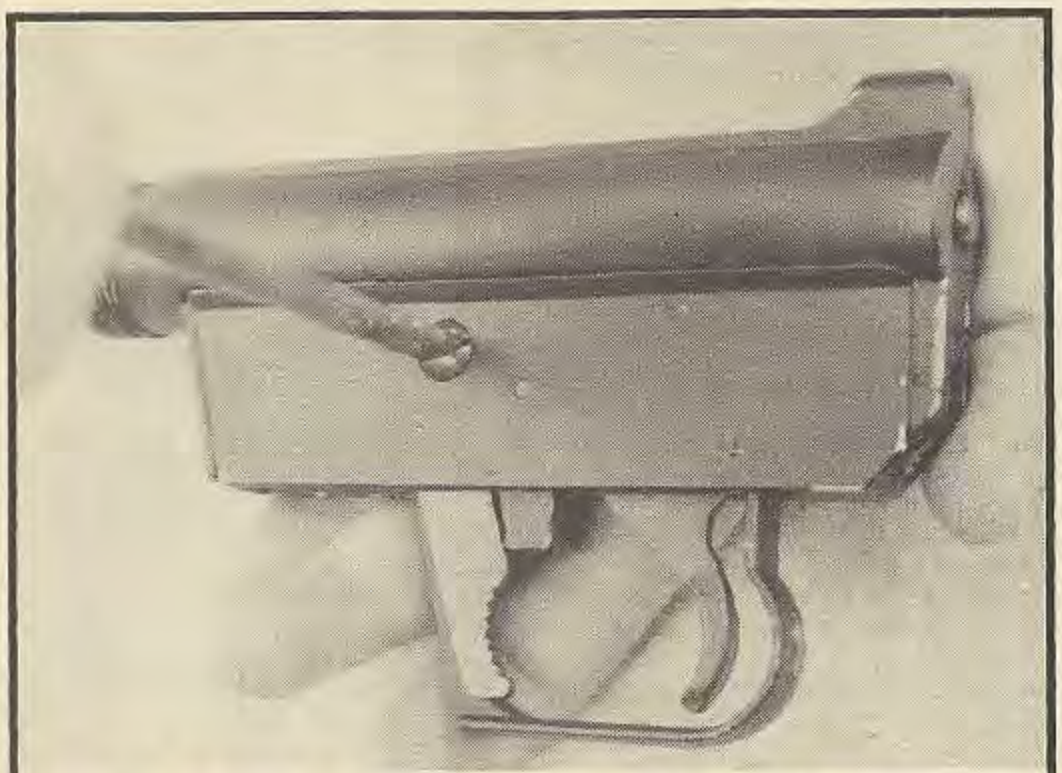
5. Insert magazine in well forward of trigger guard

Rifle is now assembled ready for use.

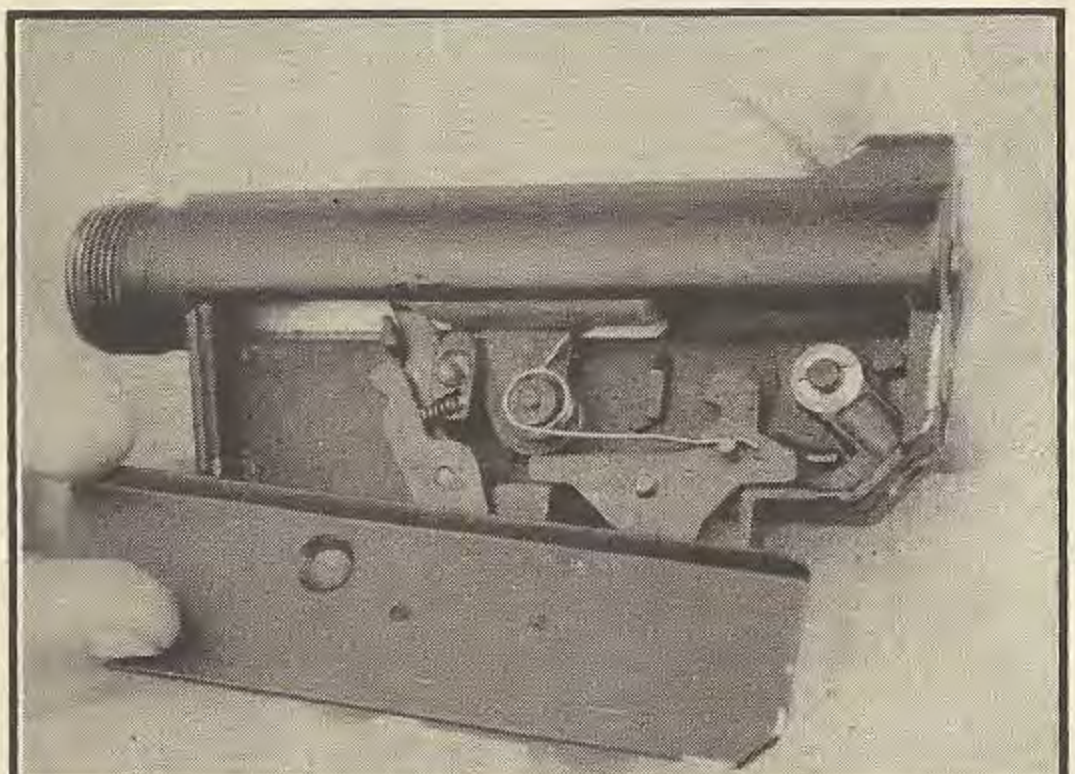
To Strip Action



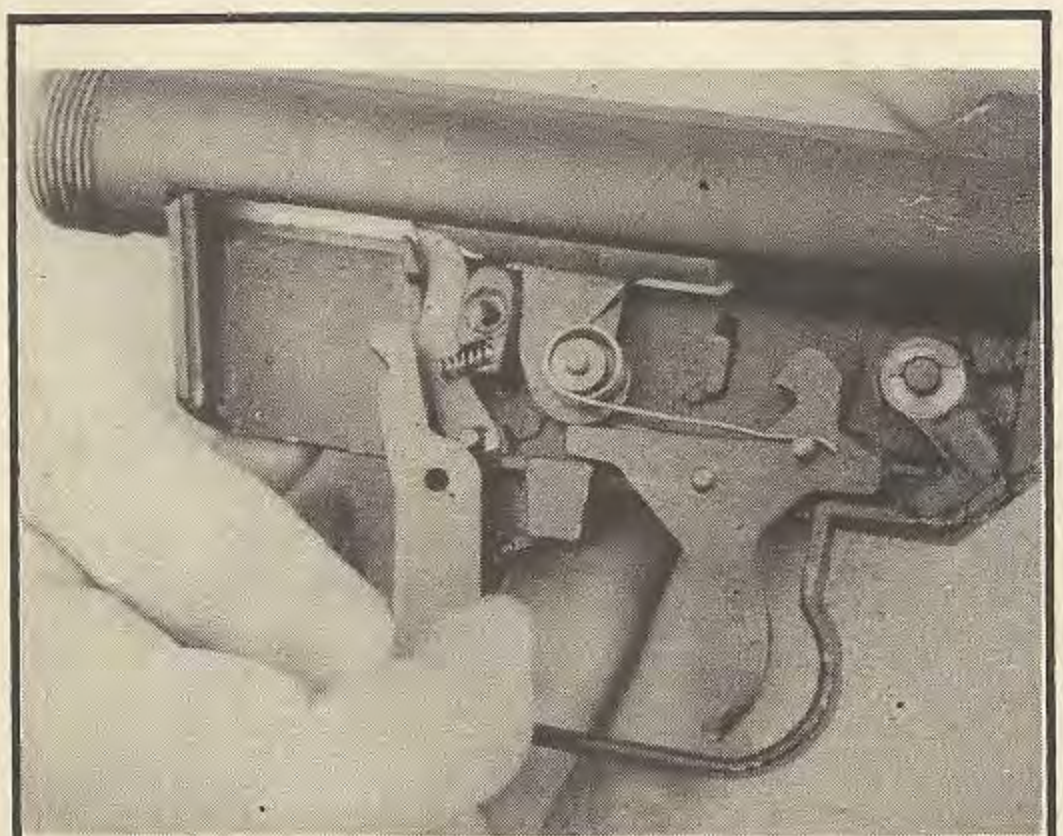
i. Push back bolt a little to align cocking handle with slot. and remove.



ii. Remove flat head screw on left side of receiver

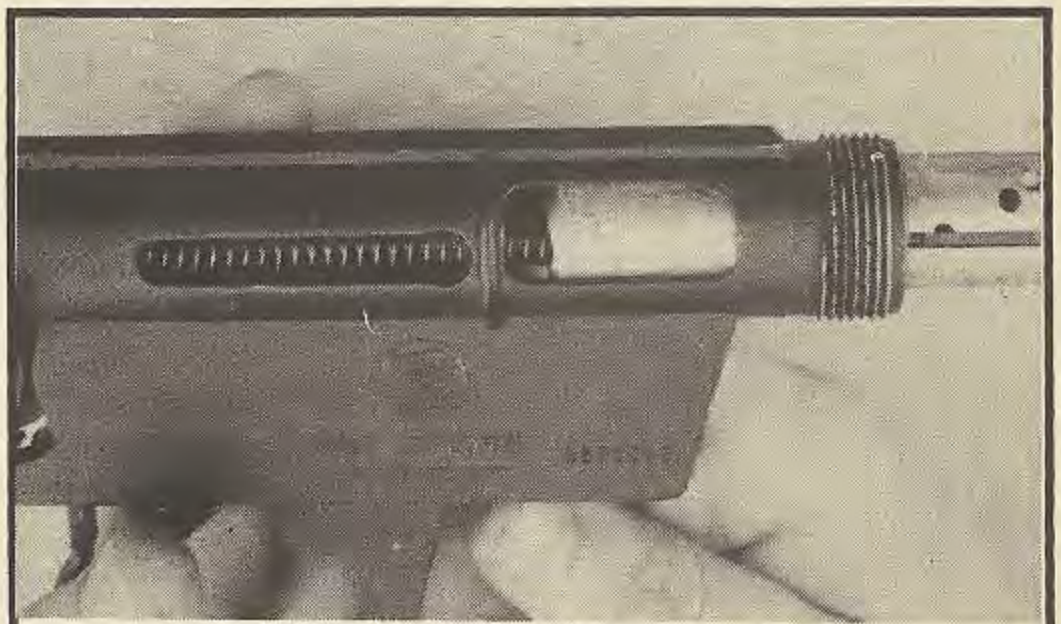


iii. Lift side cover up and off



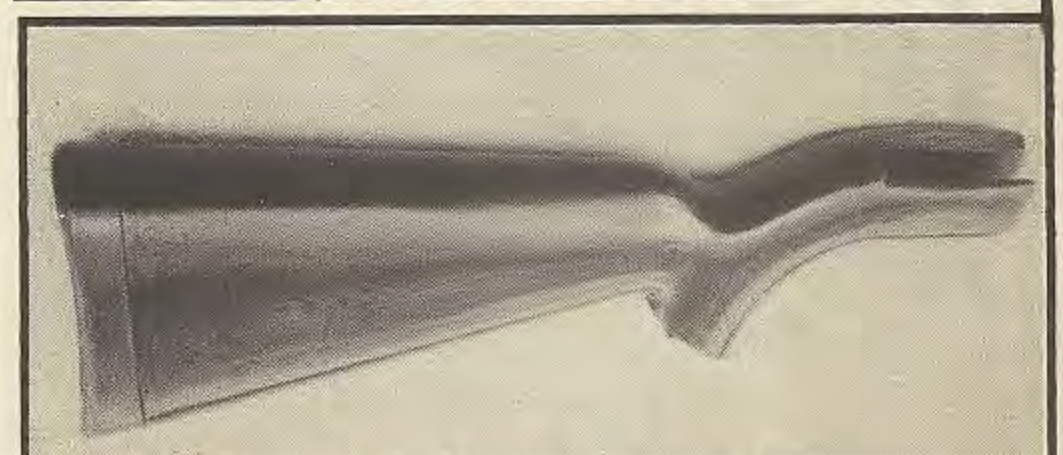
iv. Remove magazine latch and spring

v. Remove ejector and pin



vi. Remove bolt and return springs

vii Receiver stripped for cleaning



The AR7 packed and mobile

Tajban BULLETS ®

JACKETED RIFLE

		TAX EX	RETAIL
322	102gr RNSP	$21.00	$24.30
356	100gr RNHP	$15.65	$18.10
356	115gr RNHP	$16.10	$18.60
356	115gr RNSP	$16.10	$18.60
356	125gr RNSP	$16.45	$19.00
356	140gr RNSP	$16.85	$19.50
356	150gr RNSP	$17.55	$20.30
357	110gr SHP	$14.80	$17.10
357	125gr SHP	$15.05	$17.40
357	158gr HP LJ	$14.35	$16.40
357	158gr HP HJ	$15.65	$18.10
357	170gr SSP	$22.50	$26.00
357	180gr SSP	$22.75	$26.30
357	200gr SSP	$24.20	$28.00

LEAD PROJECTILES

32	85gr HBWC 312 or 314	$34.80/1000
32	85gr HBWC 312 Drilube	$38.60/1000
32	90gr HBWC 312 or 314	$36.00/1000
32	98gr HBWC 310 312 or 314	$37.80/1000
32	98gr HBWC 312 Drilube	$42.20/1000
312	80gr RN Red Lube	$56.25/1500
312	95gr RN Red Lube	$41.80/1000
313	125gr SWC Red Lube	$33.10/750
316	125gr SWC Red Lube	$33.10/750
356	115gr HB Conical	$32.45/750
356	125gr HB Conical	$34.45/750
356	122gr RN Lubed	$33.40/750
356	122gr RN Red Lubed	$31.10/750
356	146gr RN Red Lubed	$32.60/750
357	85gr BBWC	$39.50/1000
357	120gr BBWC Red Lubed	$46.70/1000
357	135gr BBWC Red Lubed	$31.60/750
357	148gr BBWC Red Lubed	$39.50/750

Lead Projectiles cont.

357	148gr BBWC Lubed	$35.40/750
357	148gr BBWC Red Lubed	$32.80/750
357	149gr DBBWC	$39.65/750
357	149gr DBBWC Lubed	$35.55/750
357	125gr HBWC	$30.60/750
357	140gr HBWC	$33.10/750
357	148gr HBWC	$34.40/750
357	125gr HBWC Drilube	$33.60/750
357	148gr HBWC Drilube	$37.25/750
357	146gr RN Red Lubed	$32.60/750
357	160gr RN Red Lubed	$25.85/750
357	105gr SWC	$41.00/1000
357	130gr SWC	$36.50/750
357	145gr SWC	$40.00/750
357	160gr SWC Lubed	$27.95/500
357	160gr SWC Red Lubed	$25.85/500
358	149gr DBBWC	$38.85/750
358	149gr DBBWC Lubed	$35.50/750
401	170gr SWC Red Lubed	$27.70/500
429	220gr SWC Red Lubed	$31.00/500
429	260gr SWC Lubed	$30.15/400
429	260gr SWC Red Lubed	$26.95/400
452	230gr RN Red Lubed	$31.65/500
452	190gr SWC Red Lubed	$30.30/500
452	195gr KEITH Red Lubed	$29.40/500
452	200gr SWC Lubed	$32.40/500
452	200gr SWC Red Lubed	$29.75/500
452	265gr SWC Red Lubed	$28.40/400

LEAD ROUND BALL

375	81gr Round Ball	$4.70/100
440	128gr Round Ball	$5.70/100
451	139gr Round Ball	$6.00/100
457	143gr Round Ball	$6.20/100
490	178gr Round Ball	$7.20/100

Tajban BULLETS

JACKETED RIFLE

ITEM		TAX EX	RETAIL	ITEM		TAX EX	RETAIL
224	40gr HP	$11.50	$13.30	284	172gr HP	$27.30	$31.60
224	45gr HP	$12.70	$14.70	308	85gr RNSP	$14.80	$17.10
224	50gr HP	$12.95	$15.00	308	93gr RNSP	$16.30	$18.80
224	50gr SP	$13.50	$15.60	308	110gr RNSP	$15.05	$17.40
224	55gr HP	$13.15	$15.20	308	125gr FN	$18.15	$21.00
224	55gr SP	$13.15	$15.20	308	130gr HP	$18.10	$20.90
224	60gr HP	$13.75	$15.90	308	150gr FN	$19.80	$22.90
224	60gr SP	$13.75	$15.90	308	150gr HP	$21.00	$24.30
224	65gr HP	$14.60	$16.90	308	150gr SP	$21.55	$24.90
224	70gr HP	$14.80	$17.10	308	165gr HP	$23.55	$27.20
243	60gr HP	$14.55	$16.80	308	170gr FN	$22.05	$25.50
243	65gr HP	$14.60	$16.90	311	124gr HP	$18.95	$21.90
243	70gr HP	$16.00	$18.50	312	85gr FN	$12.30	$14.20
243	75gr SP	$15.40	$17.80	312	85gr Semi SP	$13.60	$15.70
243	80gr HP	$16.10	$18.60	312	100gr FN	$15.05	$17.40
243	85gr HP	$16.10	$18.60	312	100gr Semi SP	$15.60	$18.00
243	90gr HP	$16.25	$18.80	312	135gr HP	$22.05	$25.50
243	100gr HP	$17.55	$20.30	312	150gr HP	$22.50	$26.00
257	75gr HP	$16.00	$18.50	312	170gr HP	$23.95	$27.70
257	87gr HP	$16.25	$18.50	312	215gr RNSP	$38.90	$45.00
257	100gr HP	$17.90	$20.70	375	220gr FN	$27.25	$31.50
257	110gr HP	$18.35	$21.20	375	300gr FMJ	$39.35	$45.80
264	120gr HPBT	$22.90	$26.50	375	300gr RNSP	$37.30	$43.10
264	120gr HP	$19.65	$22.70	375	300gr RNSP BC	$38.30	$44.30
264	130gr HP	$21.70	$25.10	375	350gr FMJ	$46.00	$53.20
264	140gr HPBT	$24.40	$28.20	375	350gr RNSP	$43.35	$50.10
264	140gr HP	$22.30	$25.80	416	400gr RNSP	$47.75	$55.20
277	116gr HP	$18.60	$21.50	429	200gr SHP	$21.90	$25.30
277	130gr HP	$20.00	$23.10	429	240gr SHP	$22.95	$26.50
277	150gr HP	$22.75	$26.30	429	240gr Semi SP	$24.85	$28.70
284	120gr HP	$19.65	$22.70	429	265gr SHP	$24.75	$28.60
284	140gr HP	$21.00	$24.60	429	300gr FN	$27.95	$32.30
284	150gr HP	$21.60	$25.00	458	300gr FN	$31.50	$36.40
				458	300gr SSP	$37.70	$43.60

TO ORDER: Phone 074-824014 or Mail Order on Page 62

TRIAL BY MEDIA

Man fined over reserve damage

A Whyalla man, 28, denied building a bunker at Munyaroo Conservation Park when he appeared in Whyalla Magistrate's Court last week.

Bradley Michael Marchant[1], of Whyalla, appeared before Magistrate Ruth Hayes on charges of without lawful[2] authority damaging part of a reserve, driving a vehicle on a reserve, camping in a reserve without permission, carrying and using a firearm in a reserve[3], intentionally disturbing soil in a reserve[4] intentionally disturbing dead vegetation in a reserve[5] leaving waste materials in a reserve[6], leaving personal property unattended in a reserve[7], possessing an unregistered firearm[8], possessing a dangerous firearm[9] and being without a special firearms permit.

Marchant was fined $395 for his activities at the reserve and a total of $182 for possessing an unregistered, dangerous firearm without a special firearms permit.[10]

Police prosecutor Constable Leigh Simpson was assisted by Nick Bailey, of the Conservation and Natural Resources Department. The charges related to Marchant's activities at the Munyaroo Conservation Park between January 1 and June 4 this year.[11]

Police were informed a bunker and small rifle range had been built at the park and property, including foodstuffs, had been left there. "On June 4 police attended Marchant's Whyalla address and located firearms including a .22 rifle which had been cut down, making it dangerous," Const Simpson said.[12]

He said there were two other rifles and ammunition at the property[13]. "A subsequent check revealed the firearms were unregistered," Const Simpson said.[14]

Police also seized military camouflage nets.[15]

Marchant told police he had discovered the bunker and rifle range and camped there.[16]

Mr Bailey submitted to the court photographs of foodstuff left at the site identified as belonging to Marchant. He said similar items of food had been found at Marchant's Whyalla home.

Mr Bailey told the court the bunker was 87.7 metres long and included a watch tower, and man and vehicle traps along a 4km track through virgin scrub.[17]

"He admitted using the track, and therefore destroying vegetation," Mr Bailey said. He said it would cost $2183 to repair damage to the park, excluding the track.[18]

Magistrate Ruth Hayes ordered that the firearms be disposed of and Marchant be disqualified from holding or obtaining firearms until a further order. She said the firearms seized by police should be disposed of by outright forfeiture or sale by Marchant of the weapon.

Defence lawyer Lucy Turonek said Marchant's step brother broke the stock off the rifle, causing it to be only 750mm when measured by the police.[19]

"It was an unfortunate accident," Ms Turonek said.

She said the incidents at the park occurred because Marchant was "simply ignorant of the law."

"The bunker was where he was leaving food and bottles not with intent to litter, but as a food drop for hikers," Ms Turonek said.[20]

She told the court Marchant, who has been accepted into the Army Ready Reserves[21] was a "keen hiker". "He has not caused a great deal of damage and I ask the court not to recommend a conviction and impose a penalty at the lower end of the scale," Ms Turonek said.

Dear Editor,

First let me thank you for a truly educational, enlightening and brave magazine. No, I am not a radical, this is probably one of the reasons why I do read *LS&B*.

The above article is on myself, printed August 5th, 1994 in the *Whyalla News*.

This is gun control gone mad. I was a regular hiker in a local conservation park and came across an area in 1992. It was later discovered by the police when a farmer in the area followed another person to the spot (no one knows who this person was).

The area consisted of a hole in the ground with a rain water tank cut in half over the hole for I presume protection from the rain. There was a cleared area in front of this hole that was 80 metres or so long.

The end result of a police/CIB inquiry was a "bunker complex with rifle range".

My immediate thought was that 80m was a very strange distance for a firing range. I could understand 50 or 100m.

After no less than seven visits/raids by the local police/CIB. I was charged with numerous offences ranging from littering to firing a rifle on a conservation park. The police had found several "rare" shells from a 7.62x39mm. I happened to own one of these "rare" rifles so they seized my firearms. A ballistics report then failed to match the shells with my rifles (whoops), but lucky for them I had a rifle in a folding stock that was broken (the ballistic report also mentioned that this weapon was broken). I was then charged under section 11 of the Firearms Act for having a dangerous weapon.

I was also charged with having two rifles that had just been bought (within 14 days) that were not registered.

Fourteen months later I was in court. My lawyer instructed me I was guilty of several charges by sheer ignorance of the law. Unfortunately she did not study the Firearms Act - particularly section 11 point 5.

As it was my business to repair stocks for people, including my own, I was not actually guilty of an offence at all.

There seems to be some link between the police force in this town and the local paper. I mention this because the local paper refuses to print any letters that consider the conduct of the police but freely contributes to attacking civilians, my article is pure proof of that.

Prior to my case was an "embezzlement case" that went to the Supreme Court and an "attempted strangulation". These, however, did not rate a mention in the paper.

My interest from the police and subsequent lies to the media was due to an internal affairs investigation I got started when three officers broke into my home when I was not home and then denied it!

There are no less than 21 false statements in this article, from possible misinterpretation to blatant lies. This is a character assassination.

Point 1: My name is in fact Bradley Robert Marchant.

Point 2: I have never heard of this charge and was not charged of this.

Point 3: This charge was dropped.

Point 4: This charge was dropped.

Point 5: This charge was dropped

Point 6: I have never heard of this charge and was not charged of this.

Point 7: I have never heard of this charge and was never heard of this.

Point 8: This charge was dropped.

Point 9: The firearm had a broken stock and was being repaired, no special permit required. It was registered and I had a licence.

Point 10: The $182 was court costs, and once again the dangerous firearm with broken stock WAS registered, and just what is the special permit required?

Point 11: It was last year (1993).

Point 12: According to the police ballistics expert the stock was actually "broken" as pointed out to Const Simpson in court.

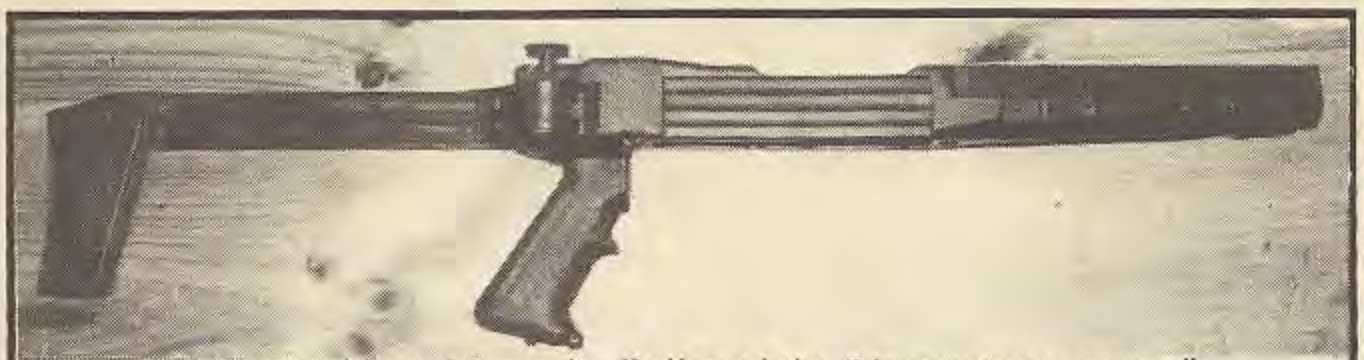


Photo used in evidence by Police of the "dangerous weapon".

Point 13: There were in fact four other rifles at the residence, and yes, ammunition.

Point 14: The subsequent check was myself telling the officers they had just been bought, producing the receipts and thus giving me 14 days in which to register them. This charge as stated before was dropped.

Point 15: Bored with just bending the truth I have never owned any camouflage nets. The police never seized any either.

Point 16: I have never had a statement of interview with the police and the area was found three years ago by someone else who then showed them.

Point 17: Just exactly what these details have to do with me I am not sure considering I was not charged with building it.

Point 18: I was charged with driving along a well used road that did not have a sign stating that I should not. Since the costs are excluding my only damage offence ("excluding the track"), what does it have to do with me?

Point 19: If it was 750mm then I would like the rifle back; the law is a rifle must be 750mm or longer. My "dangerous firearm" was well short - it was in fact 740mm.

Point 20: I did not leave "bottles" and was never charged with that. The foodstuffs were NOT in "the bunker" (a hole in the ground with a tin tank "roof").

Point 21: Acceptance into a Medical Unit is not finalised and probably won't be due to this article, but what does it have to do with the offences?

The broken stock in question. Because the locking system does not work the rifle is measured with the stock in its folded position. This is hardly the weapon of a terrorist.

Statements such as "denied building a bunker" and "for his activities" are hardly required.

What was I guilty of?

I was charged with driving on a track, leaving foodstuffs and camping. The later charge was during a corrupt dealing called plea bargaining; "you give me this and I'll give you that" sort of thing.

I later realised that camping on the beach was in fact "crown land", and not an offence.

I am about to appeal the disqualification of my firearms licence. Unfortunately I have to represent myself because the lawyers in this town are not known for going against the police.

Thank you once again for your magazine. Any airing of this letter would be greatly appreciated.

Brad Marchant

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VISITORS FROM INDONESIA

Mr Siong: In December the Indonesians came during the early morning when it was still dark. There were a lot of green parachutes dropping from the sky and our soldiers shot up at them. Some parachutists were killed and dropped in front of the Toko Lay flats.

Mrs Siong: There were a lot of soldiers. They had long automatic guns with strings of bullets. They kept shooting over our heads. Then they told us all to go out and kneel down outside, everyone, children too. We were numb, we didn't know what to do, blank and crying. Everyone kneels down and the Indonesians count our heads and count the bullets to see if they match! They ask if anyone is still in the house. They tell whoever has friends or relatives inside to get them out. People do this, get the others out and then all kneel down. We beg the Indonesians not to kill us.

They make us walk. Near the harbour there is an open space, a garden by the sea, like a park. There they ask us to kneel down again. This time they make us face the sea. Whoever is short must be behind, the tallest in front next to the sea so the soldiers can see every person.

The soldiers are behind us. I was holding the baby. They tell me to put the baby behind my back because they can't see the baby. They let me keep touching the baby if they can see it. Everyone is crying. We try to guess what the Indonesians say. All the languages are mixed together.

Mr Siong: At the harbour we have to pick up dead bodies. There were about ten of them, two women and the rest men. I didn't know any of those people. Some of the men wore Portuguese army uniform, the women wore dresses. The bodies were just lying where they fell on the wharf; they had been shot.

There were a lot of iron pipes on the wharf and we must tie the dead bodies on to them with parachute rope and throw them into the sea. We tie the rope through the hole in the pipe and tie the body on to that.

After we threw in those dead bodies some Chinese Timorese from Colmera came, 17 or 18. I knew all of those people, they were friends and neighbours. All were too frightened to speak, there was no crying, no noise. People came in groups of two or three or four, stood on the wharf and were shot. One group after the other coming and coming, killed and thrown into the sea. Two were couples, one with young children who went with relatives. The other couple were elderly, and the rest were men.

A crowd of people outside the wharf could not see the others shot; they could hear a little, but they did not really know. Sometimes some of the people who were to be killed had to help us six to tie other people and then after it they were killed. Some are shot and fall into the sea at once, but if they fall on the wharf we have to tie the pipe to them. We are trembling, we are nearly gone mad, but we don't know what to do, just do whatever the Indonesians want.

One killed with those Colmera people was an Australian man [This could only have been the journalist, Roger East - the only Westerner who chose to stay in order to record the invasion of Dili]. The soldiers push him. He was talking to them saying, "Not Fretilin, Australian". He spoke English. I understand it: sometimes Australians came to the shop where I worked.

He wore brown shorts, a cream shirt and sunglasses. I didn't notice if he wore shoes, no. He has short hair turning grey. He looks a strong man. They push him, tell him to face the sea. He refuses to do this. The Indonesians just fire at him. He falls straight into the sea.

There are too many in this world who only place value on the lives of themselves.

Next they bring the ten that had been working with us, digging the graves. The Indonesians tell them to stand and face the sea and then they are shot with a machine gun. Four people were father and son, but the Indonesians didn't know this. There on the wharf they kill the father, and the son must tie and throw his father into the sea. Then they kill the other son and the father is one of the six of us who must tie and throw his body.

They were the last killed that day, those ten people. We do not know why they were killed.

From Michele Turner, Telling - East Timor: Personal Testimonies 1942-1992, New South Wales University Press, 1992.

BY LITTLE TOWNS IN A FAR LAND WE SLEEP; AND TRUST THAT WORLD WE WON FOR YOU TO KEEP!

COL. WALTER E. KURTZ

I would like to bring to your notice the passing of a controversial little published Bill, through the Senate during the last week of June. The Bill in question is *The Veterans Affairs Legislation Amendment Bill, 1994*. As always, the Government gives us the good and the bad news, with the good news first, in Part "A." Examples are, improved aged care and health measures, a national centre for war-related Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and income support supplement for war and defence widow/ers. The Government harbours the misapprehension that by offering a few tasty little lollies, Part "B" containing the bad medicine, will be easier to swallow.

Part "B" of this Legislation has tucked away in it the very obnoxious "Clause 11." In essence, what it says is the creation of the Repatriation Medical Authority (RMA), an apparatus designed to prevent a Veteran from appealing to the Federal Court to overthrow an unfavourable decision on a disability claim.

And they thought they had problems then. Wait till they try for their Veteran's Allowance

Now before we all get emotional and irrational, calling the members of the Department of Veterans Affairs as people of unsavoury character along with the Government members as a pack of "A holes," (yes, no argument here, they are.) I think we should look at the previous appeals system under the *Veterans Entitlement Act*.

The three levels of approach were as follows.

Repatriation Commission or Initial Level

A claim for disability compensation, increase in disability or War Widows pension is first dealt with here. If the claim was refused or assessment misinterpreted, it could be appealed to the Veterans Review Board.

Veterans Review Board

The VRB is a informal, speedy and independent level of appeal. Veterans and War Widows could represent themselves or receive representation from advocates, eg R.S.L. V.V.A.A. Legal representation is not permitted. Should the claim be unacceptable, it could be appealed to the Administrative Appeals Tribunal.

Administrative Appeals Tribunal

The AAT is the final level. To proceed to the Federal Court, Full Bench of the Federal Court of the High Court it must be a point of Law. At this level it is obvious that the Veteran is legally represented. The AAT is completely independent of any organisation or Government Department and therefore cannot be swayed by any prejudiced statement. It is therefore highly valued by the Veterans and their representatives.

OK, now we will run the microscope over the Repatriation Medical Authority (RMA) as previously mentioned in Clause 11 of the new legalisation.

A brief history first. The former Minister for Veterans Affairs group together Leaders of major ex-service organisations, naming them as the Ministers Advisory Committee. Unfortunately the members of this Committee had very little experience in the basic understanding of Veterans welfare. Perhaps that is the reason why he chose them. The Minister had them swear themselves to secrecy.

The Minister then set up the so called Baume committee, which furnished a report with extreme recommendations to disadvantage the ex-service community. Along with this, he made it quite clear that the Auditor Generals Report, also containing recommendations to disadvantage ex-service personnel, be given close consideration.

The RMA will consist of five (5) Medical experts who will decide what diseases or injuries will be accepted by the Repat. Commission as being war caused. The fear here of course, is will the Dept. of Vet. Affairs appoint such Medical experts who have been known to give favourable decisions to the Dept in the past. (ie effectively blocking previous claims by Veterans.) I also understand the RMA has the power to alter the "Statement of Principles." For the benefit of the uninitiated, the "Statement of Principles" is the Dept. guideline for what constitutes a war caused disability. The final decision as made by the RMA is binding, there will be no avenues open for appeal.

To their credit, the Senate with the voting power of the Opposition, Democrats and Greens blocked the Bill in its proposed form. Ex-service groups, Legacy, TPI Pensioners and others were able to debate their concerns at a Senate Standing Committee on Community Affairs hearing. From this action the Government was forced to put in place a compromised appeals system. I think, but don't quote me, the new system which really is only a "Claytons" system, is called the Specialist Medical Review Council (SMRC)

The SMRC allows an individual Veteran's claim to be reviewed under his/her particular circumstances on the recommendation of the Medical expert assigned to the case from the RMA. However please note, THERE WILL BE NO

LEGAL REPRESENTATION AVAILABLE TO THE VETERAN.

The AAT is to be abolished.

The VRB is to be abolished.

This leaves all the Aces effectively in the Government's hand.

At this stage, we should look at likely future trends. Evidently, a new computer system is in place to process claims. This should make many Determining Officers position redundant.

The RMA will apparently remove the Veteran's right to appeal to the Federal Court. The VRB will be done away with, and we can visualise the final demise of the Repatriation Commission. Shades of down sizing to me! (Oh, how I hate using politically correct language.) Are you starting to wonder where this will end up? Think about inclusion into the Social Security System and Total Government Control.

Now lets all pack up and wing off to the future. Here we have a War Scenario, Indonesia has invaded Australia. In the dense scrub of Northern Australia somewhere, we have a Infantry Company patrolling out in front of a Fire Support Patrol Base. There are Indonesian troops in the area.

Its hard going, however one young digger notices a small well used animal path, running parallel to the direction of advance and decides to use it. He advances 50 metres or so when suddenly the ground gives way, and his boot and lower leg are impaled on a steel spiked Panja trap. After the initial shock and realisation of what has happened, he begins to panic at the first appearance of blood and sensation of pain. There he is, looking at the awful sight of several hideous spikes sticking out of the top of his boot.

Back he goes to hospital, is expertly cared for and recovers. In the meantime Australia defeats Indonesia very quickly (I fly with fairies here) and our digger places a disability claim with the perceived Social Security Department.

A little upstart button basher, in front of a Computer feeds in all the details and his claim proceeds to the RMA. The Medical Expert for his particular grudgingly approves a 50% pension. He has to accept it because he knows it is useless to take it further.

Twenty five years pass. In that time our digger finds additional support means. However he is now into his early fifties and cannot actively continue his pursuits because of arthritis to the offending foot and leg. He decides to attempt an upgrade of his pension.

Back to the RMA. The Medical Guru goes over it all takes note when he placed the original claim, twenty five years ago. Age comes into it now. Old people frequently suffer from arthritis. Could not this be the case here. Pension upgrade denied. He will have to wait until 65 to get the aged pension.

Don't think this can't happen, it can.

I feel sorry for this country's future Veteran.

Over the decades the Australian Digger has faced ruthless, well trained and cunning enemies. Read accounts from Gallipoli, Second World War operations in the Pacific, especially Kokoda Trail, and recently Vietnam, particularly the Battles of Long Tan and Coral. You will understand what I mean.

Now the poor old Digger has an even more sinister enemy to face. His own BLOODY GOVERNMENT!

Well there you have it. I honestly believe what I have portrayed above is absolutely true. Come on all you fanatical and loyal readers of the greater family of Lock Stock and Barrel, that includes you to Jimi, take this issue by the scruff of the neck and growl about it. (No offence Jimi)

I shouldn't, but I digress here a moment. One night while watching television a few weeks ago, the Leader of the Balance of Power people, what's her name, "Curr, Curr No?" Ah Damn it, "Care Not" will do, enlightened me to the fact that all lesbian and male homosexual couples should be regarded as family units and so be recognised as such, during this International Year of the Family. It appears to me, "Care Not" is an outstanding and devoted puppet of the Twine Tuggers linked to the Internationalists.

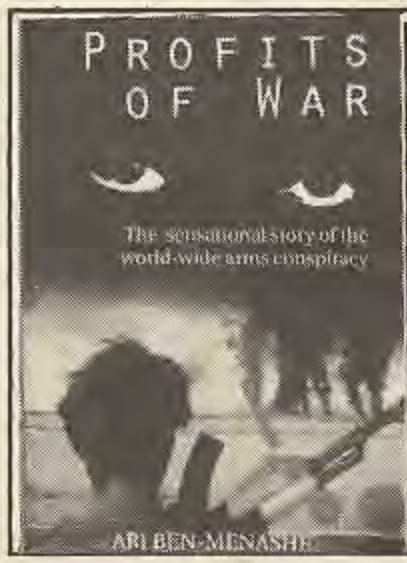
What she said upset me so much, that I tipped over my beer on the coffee table. Then the bride slipped into me, for making a mess. I was in more strife than a one legged frog in a pit full of pythons and I can tell you Jimi, I've got a few of them pythons around here.

Even trench warfare may not have prepared our diggers for the DVA, but inclusion in the Social Security system would make life impossible.

At ease Walter! you dithering digger, calm down old son.

Oh yeah, I nearly forgot, "I'm still watching that snail crawling along the edge of the straight razor. Crawling along the edge."

Col. Walter E. Kurtz (Ret'd.
"Binh Ba" Qld



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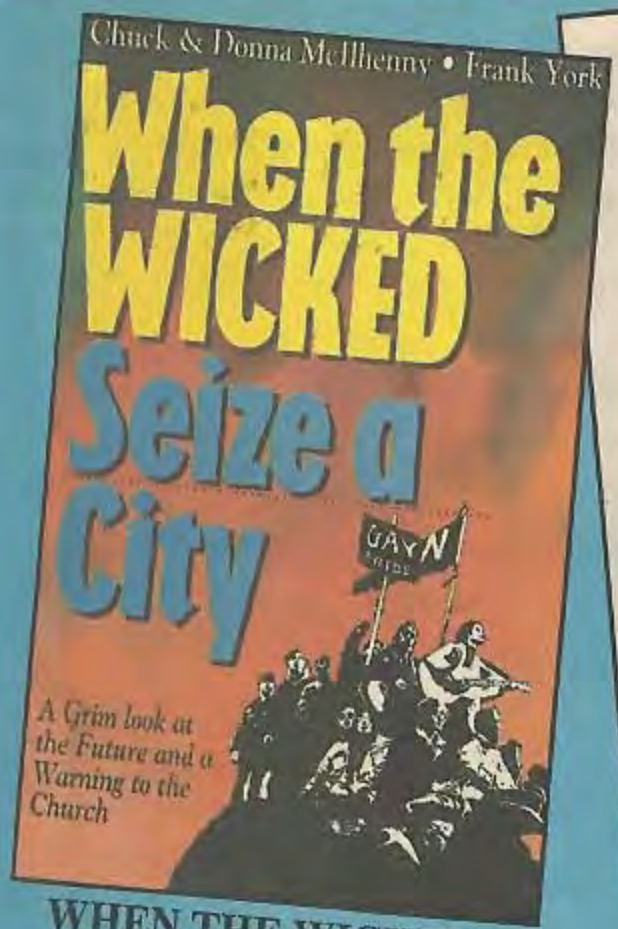

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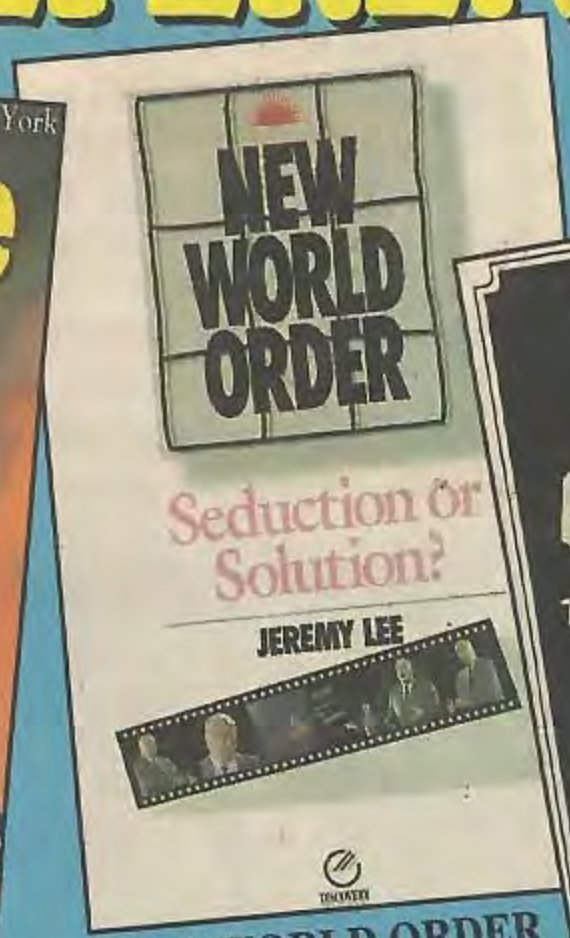

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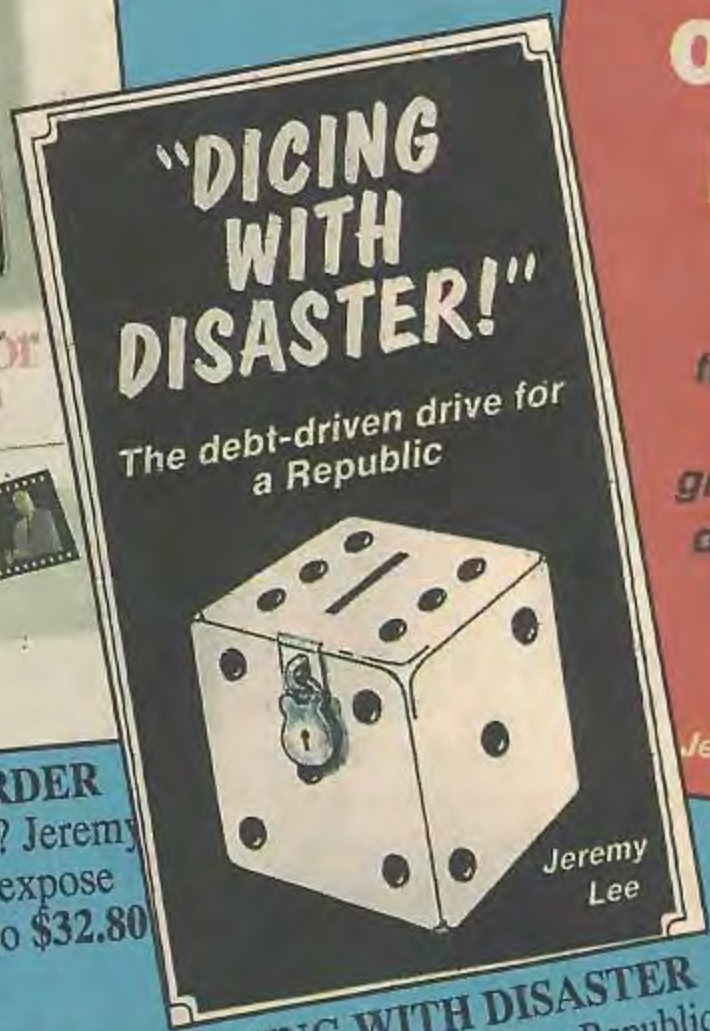

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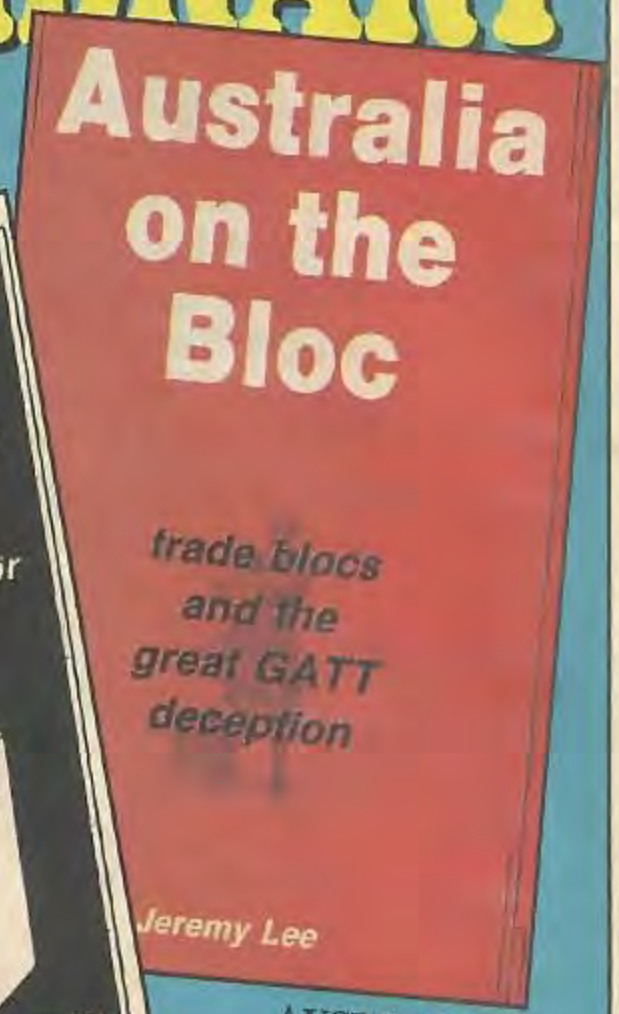

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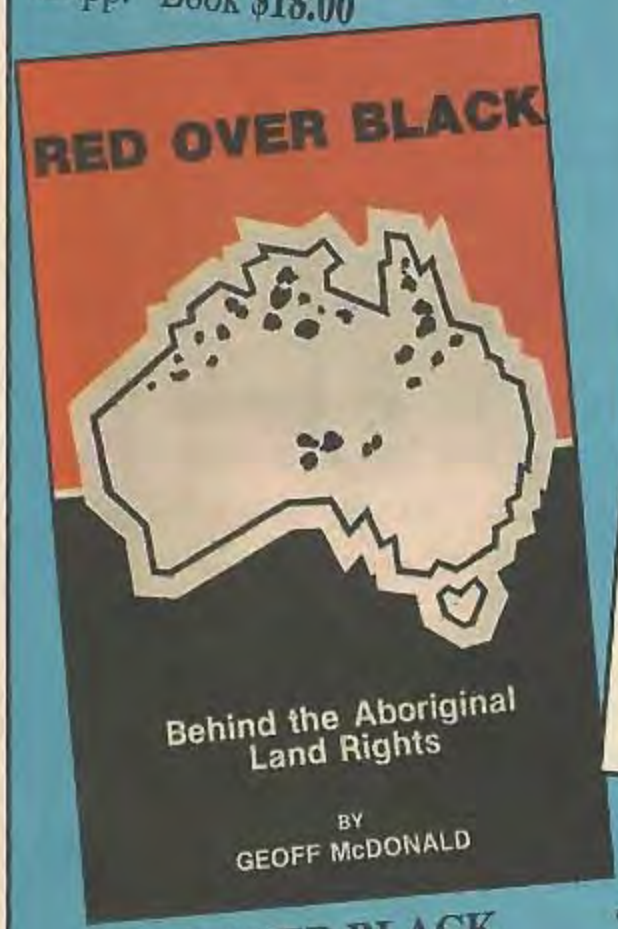

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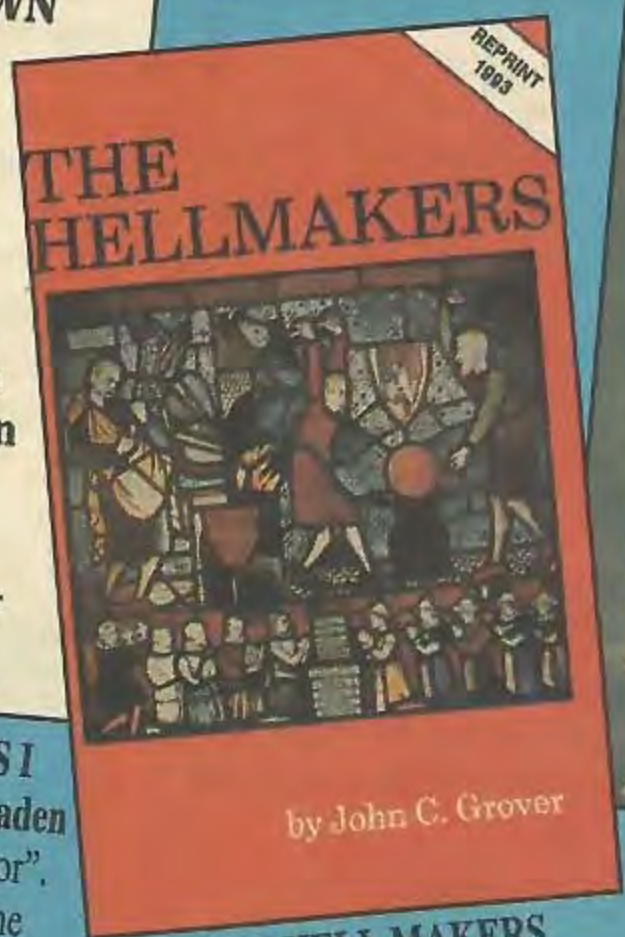

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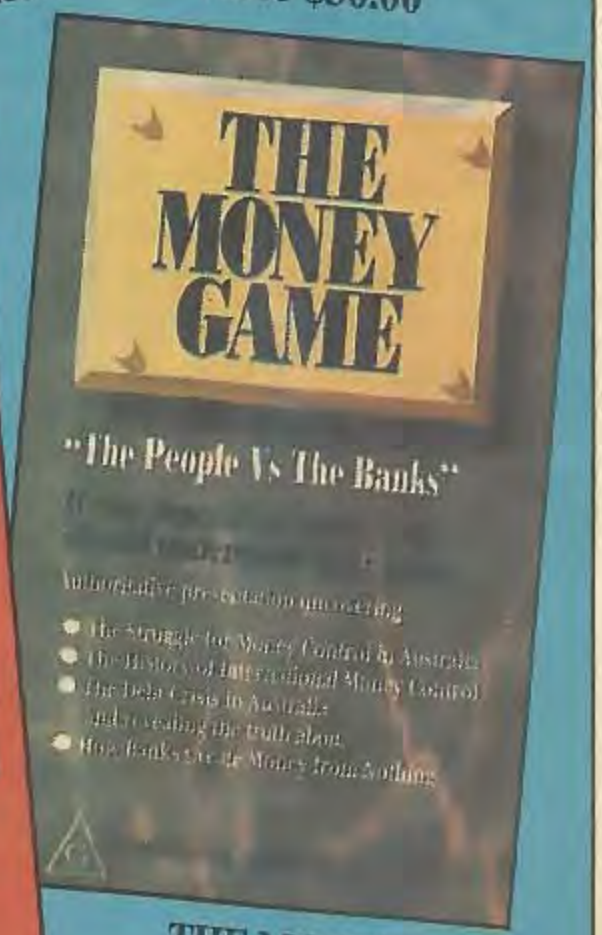

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WHO WAS THE ENEMY?

This photograph of a cross made up of photos of downed US fliers was sent to the US Embassy in Canberra and the US Consulate in Sydney four years ago and was followed by several phone calls. Staff were not interested.

The Vietnamese would not have made a cross out of the photographs of downed US fliers in Hanoi. It is more than likely that this was a message from the captured fliers to tell people at home that they were still alive. The air crew flying suits complete with name tag on the left top pocket were offered for sale. They included .45 1911 pistol, holster, helmet and boots. All clothing was dry cleaned and packed in plastic bags. This was a bit macabre for me but I did offer them to the United States Embassy in Canberra, they said they would pass it on. I explained that for four hundred dollars each they would know who had landed in one piece, as this was the price the North Vietnamese were asking per set.

Another part of Hanoi still in its 19th Century condition.

Yet another pristine French Colonial building.

Where did all those bombs go, Uncle Ho?

IF ANY QUESTION WHY WE DIED, TELL THEM, BECAUSE OUR FATHERS LIED.

BY RON OWEN

It was a Saturday about four years ago. I had been in Beijing staying at the "Lido" Holiday Inn . The Bureau of Public Safety (Police) met me in the foyer and had a car to take me to the airport. Their car, a new Volkswagon, took me to the departure lounge within half an hour and we said our goodbyes. In a few minutes I was waiting to board my flight to Tianjin, where I was to catch another flight to Bangkok. In my years of flying with CAAC I always asked them "if the elastic band has broken?" I had a funny sense of humour; they couldn't understand why I laughed my head off. I always thought that CAAC would kill me anyway. Some people think that CAAC stands for China Airlines Always Cancel, but I know it stands for China Airlines Always Crash.

It was an exciting flight to Tianjin, we hit a lot of turbulence. At least the plane was a jet, it was one of those old Comets that fell out of the sky in Britain in the 1950s. The Brits had sold them to the Chinese. The seats were tatty (no seat belts of course). I suppose I knew it was a rough flight because the hostess started screaming after there was a loud bang and the plane dropped. It felt like going down in a super fast lift with your stomach on the ceiling. There was an American women sitting on the other side of the aisle sobbing and praying. The hostess stopped screaming after we had another loud bang and down we went again, but she immediately started up again. I looked at the time; 9am, what a way to start the day.

Things improved. The American lady was chanting through chattering teeth that she would never fly again if she only survived this flight. I thought she hasn't seen the trains in China or she wouldn't repeat that. I survived the drive and me and my luggage made it through the day. I landed in Hanoi from Bangkok at about 5pm, looking forward to a relaxing night in a good hotel. There were no direct flights into Hanoi from China as they still traded the occasional shot with one another at the border. How could old friends like those fall out?

Welcome to Hanoi

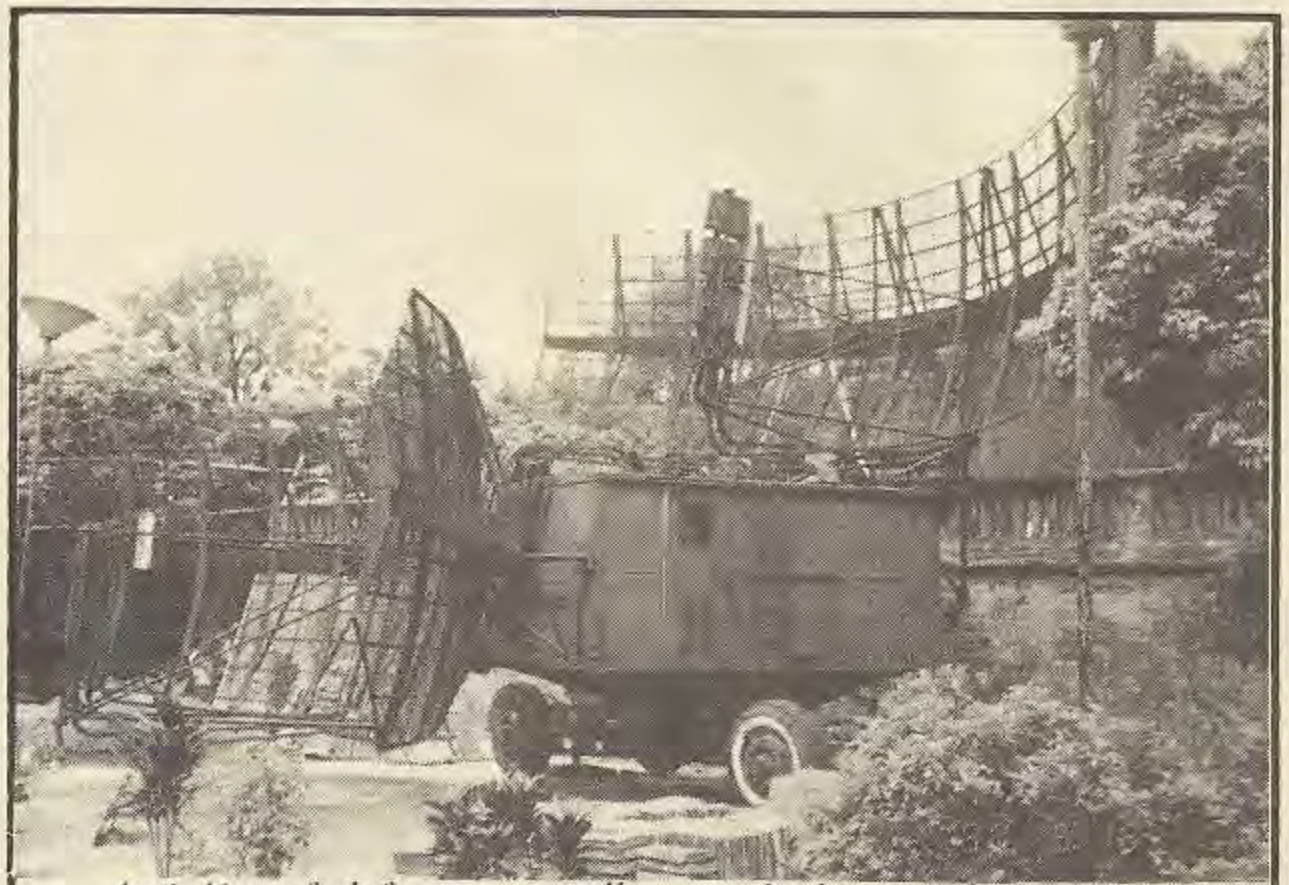
I suppose that I knew Hanoi wasn't going to be easy when I saw the queues in their Customs shed. Once out of there I was in the hands of the People's Liberation Army of Vietnam. He helped me with my luggage to his transport. It was a Russian rag top jeep; the passenger seat was four sizes too small for me, but off we went into the very rural countryside. He told me that he had made a reservation for me in the best hotel in town. After a trip over the Red River we eventually got to this hotel. It wasn't until I tried to go to sleep that I heard the baby rats that were nesting over the roof in the bathroom tweeting away. Still, when I thumped it a bit they quietened down for a few hours. What a day, why did I come?

I questioned what I was doing there when I could have been safe and secure in Queensland, good old Australia. Well what I was there for I suppose was to make money. That was big on my mind in those days. I wanted to buy war surplus used firearms at scrap prices and sell them to collectors in Australia, and if I could, any other Western country that would allow their sale. I thought they should be cheap there, as I knew that nobody had managed to export any from Vietnam.

I also had been offered a joint venture by the Army owned state corporation to design them a 22 rifle sporting repeater that they could manufacture and export to the West. We would sell them in Australia, and we would find them a market in other countries. I had to see their factory before I knew what rifle they were capable of making and what market it would fit into.

When they picked me up in their Russian jeep the first stop was at the police station. I had to register myself with them and get a note from them before leaving, or no plane ride.

My interpreter left me standing on one side and pushed in front of 200 or so waiting Vietnamese and had my papers stamped.



Anti-Aircraft defences are still on site looking ready for action.

Then we were off to get the business done. The first place he took me to was an Army barracks on the west side of town. It was built on the side of a lake and would have been a beautiful spot but for the amount of people in the vicinity. We sat in an airy room drinking tea and discussed the price of M16 rifles that were left in South Vietnam. They wanted US$600 each for them. I explained that new ones could be purchased from Colt for this price. I could not import these to Australia anyway because of our stupid Customs regulations, but I wanted to get the information in case I found a customer in another country.

They brought a few in for me to have a look at. We drank some more tea, I told them they were too expensive, and I returned to the best hotel in town. The following day was much the same, discussions on the marketing and designing of a 22 rifle. Things were not going too well. They had an idea that there were collectors standing around waiting to pay a fortune for their stuff and did not seem to realise that none of their products could be exported to the USA because of trade barriers, and that was were the big money that they were alluding to was. I was too polite to mention what I thought was the reason for those trade barriers; I thought it was because of the lack of information about the 2,413 missing in action American soldiers that had family waiting for them. At that time I was always impressed by the US Government's determination to get the last man back, wherever he was.

As the days passed by it slowly struck me that something was not right about Hanoi. I had seen unrepaired bomb damage near

the airport where there were blown up anti aircraft bunkers, and out on the western side of town, past the zoo, towards Son Tay I had seen huge bomb craters that had filled up with water and they were being used as ponds for field crops. I had seen anti aircraft batteries still on site on the outskirts of Hanoi. The Red River Bridge is on the outside of town on the eastern side; its bomb damage still not repaired, but where was the bomb damage in Hanoi itself? There was no sign of it.

The only new building in Hanoi was the Ho Chi Minh Memorial, and that was it. All the rest of the buildings were French colonial, yellow stone and green shutter on every one. Most of them had a dozen Vietnamese families living in them, but they were beautiful old buildings. Even in the parks the trees were big and well established, not new saplings to replace blown up and burnt ones. Hanoi was then the only Asian city that had no pollution in South East Asia, as at that time there were hardly any motorised vehicles in the streets, just bicycles, oxen and the occasional truck, so the exterior of these buildings had not gone black as in other cities like Guangzhou in China.

Yossarian Strikes Again

I remembered back to 1972/3, Nixon saying, "If they don't quit this war we are going to bomb them back into the stone age." From what I could see, they hadn't come that far from it anyhow. "At this moment more bombs have fallen on Hanoi than fell on Dresden in World War Two." I could remember the media hype of "Operation Rolling Thunder"; 300,000 aircraft sorties had been flown and nearly half a ton of explosives had been dropped every minute for three and a half years. Then there was "Linebacker II"; 41,000 aircraft sorties had been flown and 155,000 tons of bombs had been dropped on Hanoi and Haiphong.

Notoriously Bad Shots

Who did they think they were trying to kid? I was amazed. Then I thought about the protesters in Washington and Kent State, and in Sydney and Melbourne. They never got any support from me anyway, but what was the point? "Stop the bombing!" Can anyone else remember this far back? Jane Fonda the traitor, who was supposed to be in Hanoi. She would have known that it wasn't true. Now why would anyone do that? It affected me so much that when I saw the bombing of Baghdad a few years later I thought well that's what we think we are seeing but how do we know? It might not be true. Would those protesters be disappointed to find out what they were protesting about didn't happen?

The Red River Bridge: a rare sign of bomb damage.

Those were the questions that were going through my mind as I drove around Hanoi's suburbs taking pictures of the beautiful old buildings. There wasn't even a multi story building in Hanoi, not even a modern hotel that they could have built on the vacant land that might have been bomb damaged. Did the B52s drop their bombs somewhere else? Would the pilots have known from that high up? Were they just guided by radar to somewhere else? Did the Americans really want to win the war?

But the best was yet to come. On one of the last days of negotiations, which was at Army Headquarters on 28 Dien Bien Phu St (telephone 256054, ask for Truan Bieu, Vice-Chief of International Cooperation Department).

Price Your Name

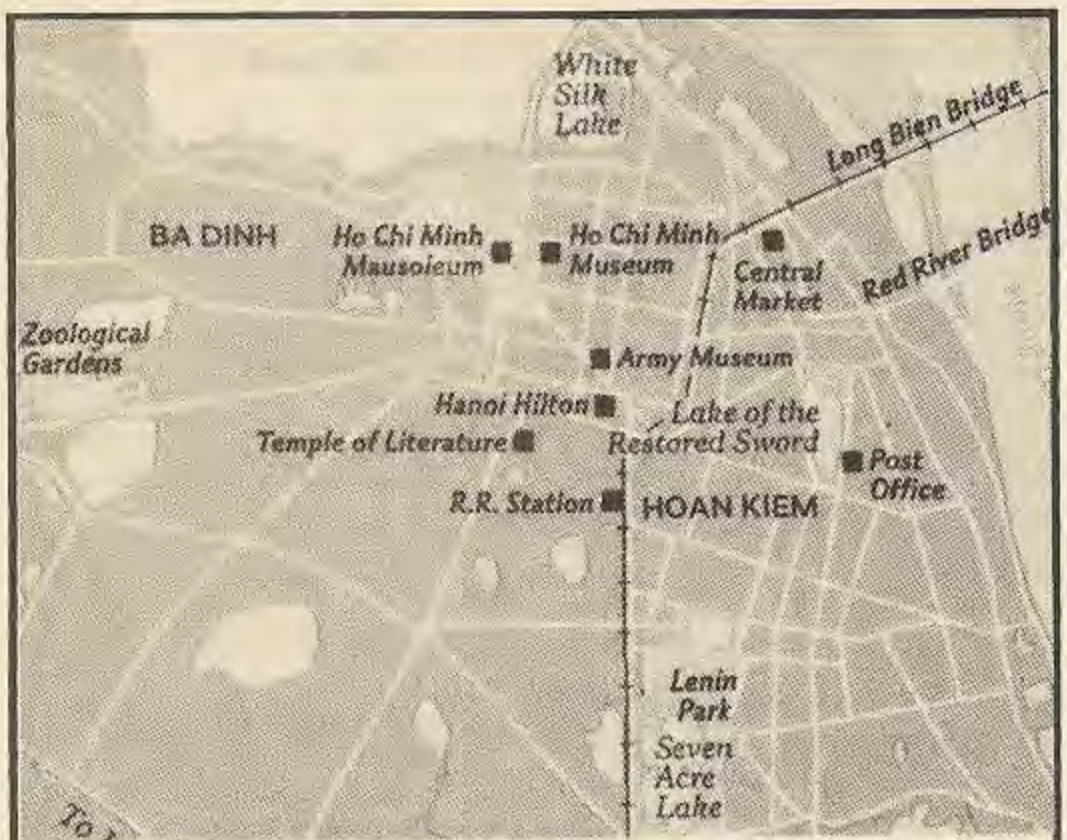
It was a small room, and some of the Army officers had white shirts on instead of the khaki coloured ones, but they still had green trousers with the thin red strip down the leg. We were drinking tea and discussing some French rifles they had acquired from their previous owners (again the prices were silly). I then asked if they had any Colt .45 auto Model 1911 pistols. One of the junior officer's face lit up and he said "Yes!" "How much?" I asked, not too confident, as all the prices so far were too dear. US$400 per piece was the response; oh no, not again, I thought. "That's dearer than new ones", I said. "I can buy new ones in China for US$140." "Ah, but these are special for collectors", they said, "These have all the accessories with them. They come with the holster and everything." I asked to see one. The senior officers gave the junior guy the nod, and in a few minute he came back with a dry cleaning bag full of clothes, plastic bags and shoe boxes.

In one of the shoe boxes was a .45 Colt in a holster, I had a look at it checked the barrel and the magazine and said, "What are those things?" "Oh these are the rest of the set. All included in the price." They pulled out a flying helmet, boots and socks, an overall suit with a zipper up front and a waist coat that had lots of pockets in it. What caught my eye was that on the top of the top left hand pocket of the overalls was a name tag about an inch high and four or five inches long. On it was the name "Shaw". There possibly were initials but I cannot remember now what they were.

The junior officer who could speak English was explaining that the set came with the name and number of the aircrew; they had the serial number of the pistol to the name, and that they had all the clothing cleaned and stored in sealed plastic bags and I would earn my fortune selling these to collectors. I was internally revolted. Guns are my life and I have never considered previous owners, alive or dead, but this business was not my cup of tea at all. I know now that uniform collectors would have really wanted that stuff but it was too macabre for me and I apologised to them and said that I was only interested in the firearms.

When the negotiations were concluded we didn't get anywhere. I asked as I was leaving Vietnam that afternoon if I could have a look at the Army museum that I had noticed adjoined their buildings. They said of course, and the junior officer gave me a guided tour. I took some photographs of Ho Chi Minh's Mauser pistol and a Lewis Gun (there's not too many of them about these days). Then when I was on the ground floor I

noticed a straw model with the same gear on, the same waist coat and the same overalls as had been offered for sale a few hundred yards away, so out with the instamatic Pentax and I took a photograph.



Street map of the centre of Hanoi. Notice the Hanoi Hilton within spitting distance of the Army Museum.

We Will Phone You Back

I booked out at the police station and flew out that afternoon, arriving back in Australia the following day. When I had the photos developed I had a Christian friend looking at them. I had been phoning the United States Embassy in Canberra and the American Consulate in Sydney, telling them that they should get me to buy these uniforms and then they would know which pilots landed in one piece. Then they could ask the Vietnamese, with confidence, knowing they did land in one piece. I just got fobbed off with "We will phone you back," and they never did.

I was relaying my story of the affair to him and he noticed the cross on the photo, with all the little snap shots of the POWs. He quickly pointed out that the Vietnamese not being Christians would not have assembled that cross, and that the POWs would have made it to try and get a message back to their relatives that they were alive. So I phoned the Americans back again. They said, "Someone will phone you back." No one ever did. I had the photograph blown up and sent them a copy. Again I got no reply from either establishment. Some time later I found out that the Hanoi Hilton, where the POWs were detained, was just across the road from the museum.

From this short trip to Vietnam I had drawn some very stark conclusions, which probably led me to look deeper into what has and is going on in the world. These conclusions were:

1. That the United States never seriously bombed Hanoi.
2. That the protesters had been manipulated to protest about the bombing of Hanoi falsely and that the leaders of that organisation would have known that Hanoi was not bombed.
3. If the United States did not bomb Hanoi, they must have not wanted to win the war in Vietnam.
4. If they did not want to win the war in Vietnam, why send sixty thousand of their citizens to die there?
5. They did not want to get their MIA prisoners home, US citizens. Some 2,413 men who fought for their country are an embarrassment, and as far as the United States Government are concerned they are surplus to requirements.
6. If they can do these things what else are they doing?

Before this event I felt very secure in the world around me. I was secure that I knew what was going on in the world, and that if I read the newspapers I would always know what went on in the world. After this event I realised that I knew nothing, and doubted if I could ever be sure of anything again.

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INVASION OF THE BODYSNATCHERS

BY BOB OSMACK

1994 has been memorable as International Year of the Family. Rather than work towards strengthening the traditional family unit it seems that the government and media have run an orchestrated campaign to undermine its basic foundations, even to the extent of recognising homosexual couples as "normal" family units.

Continuing on its juggernaut path of destruction is the Family Services Department, an institution that often creates more problems than it purportedly sets out to solve. Typically, we rarely hear of these cases in the mainstream media. This is Part 1 of a two part series by ***Robert Osmack*** *of VOCAL (Victims of Child Abuse Laws) giving background to the more sinister working of the Family Services Department. If you need help or require more information Robert can be contacted on (074) 96 7884.*

The Children's Services Act 1965-1980 has created a veritable army of social workers and their assistants with powers to threaten, harass and assault Queensland families at will. No one is safe. This writer is convinced that there are now fathers serving prison sentences because of false accusations by the Family Services Department.

After years of refusing to look at the problem, the media is finally beginning to look at the seamy side of this most powerful government bureaucracy. The cases recently reported on TV and in the press are by no means exceptions; they only touch the tip of what is a widespread community problem.

Police Figures

Police figures produced in South Australia show that the main sex abusers of children are not parents but professionals, such as welfare workers and teachers. The distribution is as follows: welfare workers and teachers account for over 70% of sex abuse cases; mothers and siblings together less than 1%; fathers, stepfathers and family friends each under 2%; other relatives less than 3%; and strangers around 20%.

A child is many more times likely to be sexually abused when he/she steps out of the confines of the family home. Active paedophiles (child molesters) are attracted to jobs and voluntary positions where they come in contact with many children, and which give them opportunities to sexually abuse children. Undoubtedly many are attracted to social work where their contact with children can be covered by their professional status. A Juvenile Aid Bureau official, whose job was to lecture school children on sex abuse, was recently convicted of homosexuality assaulting young boys!

All Parents Suspect

What must be obvious to anyone who has looked closely at some of the cases is that the majority of social workers are anti-family. One only needs to look at the anti-family bias of some of the Family Services literature, especially guides to social workers dealing with child abuse. The key sentence in the booklet entitled *Protecting Children from Abuse and Neglect - A Guide for Professional Workers* states: "Parents with no prior history of sexual problems can find themselves feeling tempted to abuse a child in the intimacy of family life, especially at times of stress or when adult sexual adjustment is poor." Social workers are encouraged to regard all natural parents as being suspected of child abuse. Elsewhere we are told, "People who abuse children are pretty much like everyone else", and, "... the parent exercises responsibilities and the child has rights." Apparently, parents have no rights and we are all suspect of child abuse. It's like saying everyone is suspect of murder. Many of the female workers seem particularly to detest men. It is usually men that are accused.

"Oh, God, not brussel sprouts AGAIN!" Unnecessary cruelty?

"Just don't embarrass me with baby talk in public again, okay Dad?"

Harassing and Threatening Families

What must be a monstrous state of affairs by any criteria is that the social workers can remove the family's children at a whim and then proceed to harass and threaten that family to admit guilt, and yet all the while **no one has been charged**. Strong is a family unit that can survive the assaults of the Family Services Department social workers that can go on for months and years.

Typically, there is insufficient evidence for the police to be called in and formal charges laid. The family or a member of the family is "guilty" simply because the SCAN team at

the local hospital thinks so, the Juvenile Aid Bureau thinks so, a particular social worker thinks so, a hostile hospital doctor thinks so, or a malicious neighbour thinks so, etc. And then how do you prove that you are not guilty? The definition of child abuse is so vague and subjective as to be virtually anything that the accusing social worker chooses to define as child abuse. The Queensland Department of Health gives an open-ended definition of child abuse: "Child abuse is any act or omission or commission that endangers or impairs a child's physical or emotional health and development." Forgetting to put sugar on a child's corn flakes at breakfast would qualify

A trip to the dentist could be classified as "child abuse".

as child abuse. Scolding a child for fighting with his brothers and sisters is, according to this definition, child abuse. To say nothing of corporal punishment such as spanking of a child's bottom.

"Don't tickle"

As for sexual abuse it can include anything from intercourse to unwanted kissing, or fondling of clothed parts of the body. In Queensland's guide to social workers, such things as "tickling, wrestling, nuzzling" can be sexual abuse. This writer is acquainted with just such ridiculous accusations of sexual abuse of children. If we accept the above definitions, most parents would be guilty of sex abuse every week of the year. Next time we hear of a father being accused of sex abuse, it is well to remember the social worker's definition of sex abuse.

In another case, the family was accused of abuse after it was found that the foster parents were physically abusing the child. No action was taken against the foster parents. The child was finally returned to the family but is now psychologically scarred for life. To get compensation, the parents would have to go through costly litigation. To the social workers it is simply another case. No provision in the Children's Services Act exists for compensation for families wrongly accused and for children abused while in the Family Services' custody.

Break Families Financially

The solicitors' fees are prohibitive. The litigation process to get the children back breaks most families financially. The fact that no proof and no convictions have eventuated does not mean that the family will be compensated for its legal expenses. Being accused, however falsely, of child abuse, can be a financial disaster for a family.

To get compensation, the parents would have to initiate an expensive civil courts litigation. The fear is usually that by doing this the family would again incur the wrath of the Family Services Department - their children could be taken again. Fear of the Family Services Department rules the lives of many a Queensland family. As we said, no provision in the Children's Services Act exists for the social workers' "mistakes". It is not one of their worries.

No Conscience

In the Department itself, heads rarely roll because a family has been put through unnecessary trauma or destroyed. The social workers simply move on to another case, seemingly unaware of the tragedy they have caused. It could be that their blind hatred of the family unit has permanently seared their conscience.

In a private enterprise operation, efficiency in meeting a public demand for goods or services spells success for the enterprise. How do you measure the success of a government department, such as the Family Services Department? By the number of cases investigated and convictions obtained. It is in the interest of both the social workers in the "field" and those in supervisory positions to produce more cases and obtain more convictions.

Jobs for the Boys (And Girls)

The social worker in the field must display both zeal in uncovering child abuse and "proving" that it took place. That is how he justifies his job. And how does a supervisor justify more funding for the expansion of his section and his own promotion? By "proving" that child abuse is so rampant in the community that the minister will appear very callous if he does not approve more funding to "fight child abuse". More funding, of course, means more "jobs for the boys and girls", commonly known as "empire building". That is how, at taxpayers' expense, the child abuse "industry" has been built up.

The persuasive powers and lobbying pressures of the Family Services Department are usually sufficient to crush all opposition, including that of the elected Parliamentary members. Almost daily we read in the press about new "proofs" for child abuse in the community. Few dare to question these "proofs" which would not stand up to even the most elementary scrutiny.

Jobs for University Students

Over the recent years we have seen unprecedented increase in social work (B.Soc.Wk.) graduates. The proliferation of social work graduates began in 1961 when there was only one lecturer and four graduating students. In 1987, there were 334 students in social work and 50 doing post-graduate degrees. To 1984-85, 1245 social workers have been graduated from University of Queensland. This huge proliferation of social work graduates has correspondingly seen the creation of positions for them to fill. The University has used its considerable prestige in the community and its not inconsiderable lobbying pressure and persuasive powers to seek creation of positions for its graduates.

The social work lobby has now succeeded in convincing the politicians and the public that there is a veritable epidemic of child abuse in the community. All too readily the politicians have opened up the public purse to their demands. Now the

social work lobby is well entrenched and almost beyond scrutiny. Their operations go unquestioned and unchecked; their powers seem almost unlimited. Their "statistics" on child abuse are accepted without question.

"How can you sleep?"

It is a plausible notion that the Hitler-like powers of social workers over the family attract a type of personality which relishes in manipulation and control over others. What is certain is that the more sensitive and compassionate amongst the ranks of the social workers leave the profession unable to stomach the distasteful work they are required to do. I have been told that the turn-over is very high. Only the most callous survive and stay on.

The writer was present at a social worker's visit of a family wrongfully accused of child abuse. The father asked her: "How can you sleep at night after what you've done to us?" She replied smiling: "Very well, thank you." Indeed, this probably is true. She is one of the types who "loves" her job and destroying families brings no pangs of conscience to her. She then proceeded to threaten the family with police action unless they complied with the Family Services Department rules for the "protection of children".

"Daddy touched me"

In another sex abuse case, two subsequent medical reports denied any abuse had taken place. The first report claimed sexual abuse had taken place. To strengthen their case, the social workers and the foster parents coached the six year old girl to say "daddy touched me". This was used in court. Also, to be used as "proof" was a phallic-like object the child had drawn. Another "proof" was that she would "put her head down and say nothing" when asked by social workers what she and her daddy did on a particular occasion. According to the mother, if she had nothing significant to say about an event, her habit was to do just that. However, mother's explanation was dismissed as merely an attempt to protect the guilty father. The child was finally returned when the media began to enquire into the case. She is now seriously psychologically damaged and the family financially broke. The mother has contracted an incurable medical condition as a result of the trauma the family has had to suffer.

Once you are a marked family with the social workers, you cannot win, given the fact that they are out to get convictions and, thanks to the Children's Services Act, almost a law unto themselves. In the eyes of the law, they do no wrong, and in the eyes of the same law, the social worker's opinion, because it is the opinion of a university-trained professional, is almost infallible.

Stay tuned for the conclusion of this article in Edition 19.

Case Study

On the 12th of April of this year the Family Services Department issued a Care and Protection Order against the children of Mr and Mrs Brown. This is not their real name, as it is illegal for us to reveal the names of the children. We let Mrs Brown continue in her own words:

"My children now legally belong to the Family Services Department. The social workers of the FSD now want to place my children in foster care with people we don't know. I am especially fearful my children will be abused in foster care. They are all girls. They could be sexually abused. I have heard of cases of children being taken before from caring, loving families, and then abused in foster care.

My husband has been accused of bashing me and a Protection Order has been issued by the Police at Maroochydore against him on my behalf. I don't want a Protection Order against my husband because he is a peaceful loving man who has never laid a hand on me in our sixteen years of married life. The Police and the FSD are deliberately trying to break us up.

"Mrs Brown" with two of her children. Fugitives.

I want a Protection Order against the Family Services Department to leave my children alone. They are my children, they love me and their father. They are living in terrible terror of being picked up by the police and taken to live with strangers. They have never lived with strangers before.

My husband has never mistreated any of our children. Our family doctor can testify to that and so can our many friends. It seems the Police and the FSD are determined to make me a childless widow. The FSD wants to take my children and the Police want to jail my husband."

"We're From the Government and We're Here to Help..."

"We have already been practically ruined financially by having to engage a solicitor. It's also costing me much to keep on the run with the children. I might be forced to go and live in another State to escape the persecution of my family.

I used to read about these things happening to families in communist countries, but now it's happening to me. I have never broken the law nor have I been accused of anything. The FSD and the Police want to take my children so they can force them to make false accusations against my husband. I am willing to have my children questioned by someone independent of the Family Services Department."

"I am convinced the Police are persecuting me because of my activities with the *Citizens Safety Council*. I have taken a strong stand for the right of women to carry pistols to protect themselves from muggers and rapists. I demonstrated along with other women for an open pistol licence for women at the Maroochydore Police Station. It proved an embarrassment to the Police because it showed that the Police are not able to cope with rising crime in Queensland. The Queensland Police have failed to make our streets safe for women."

Mrs Brown is still on the run with her three youngest children, while her two teenagers are staying with relatives. Her husband's trial has been adjourned from the 3rd of August, with no sign of an outcome. We will update this story as more details come to hand.

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"THE QUANTITY OF PEPSEE IS NOT STRAINED IT DROPPETH AS THE GOLDEN RAIN FROM BEVAN" -WILLIE SHAKESPEAR

Letter to the Editor Sydney Mardi Gras

As part of the Ten Network's commitment to sexual propaganda the 'G' rated 'Heartbreak High' attempts to advocate 'condom vending machines for schools' on prime time television, and poses the question: 'What's wrong with condoms?'

What a pity it's too late to ask US condom expert Dr Bruce Voeller. His death this year from AIDS is yet another testimony to the dangerous message promoted by governments, some schools and popular culture.

Dr Voeller once told an audience he 'knew all there was about safe sex,' after all, he 'invented' it. Dr Voeller was a major force popularising the condom. He boasted in 1985 that he would never contract AIDS from his homosexual behaviour because he practised safe sex.

His death highlights the stupidity of attempting to prevent the consequences of dangerous lifestyles by encouraging more of the destructive behaviour causing the problems our society pretends to be so concerned about.

Condom advocates should be held liable for the flawed 'advice' they provide through the media, in schools and in 'G' rated trash on Channel Ten

Phillip Young, Mansfield, Qld

He knocked 'em dead in Hamlet ... are you ready for his little-known sequel ...

PIGLET!

"Alas for poor Brucie..."

In the interests of fairness to political parties and to prove that we do not favour one side against the other, we present the messages of support from various leading politicians sent to the organisers of this year's Mardi Gras.

John Fahey, MP *Premier of NSW*

The Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras Arts Festival is a reflection of the diversity of our great City and its people. It has made an important contribution to tourism and the cultural variety of Sydney. May the Mardi Gras Arts Festival of 1994 surpass the success of previous years.

Bob Carr, MP *Leader of the NSW Opposition*

Bigger and better than ever. Each year the Mardi Gras celebrations increase their contribution to Sydney and the State. Congratulations on the Festival, Parade and Party.

Paul Keating, MP *Prime Minister of Australia*

Mardi Gras is now one of Australia's largest and most colourful cultural events. The 1994 programme of theatre, art, sport, films and other events will ensure its continued development as a festival which enjoys the support of gays, lesbians and the wider community - both here and overseas.

John Hewson, MP *Leader of the Federal Opposition*

I am pleased to send my best wishes for the success of the 1994 Sydney Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras. Mardi Gras is a unique and colourful event and has become a highlight of the Sydney calendar. It is now a major tourist attraction in its own right. I wish all who participate in the 1994 Mardi Gras a very happy and successful celebration.

Paul O'Grady, MLC

Slip into those cha-cha heels everybody, we're hitting the streets again. Our celebration brings us closer to the day when all Australians will have equal human rights. So have a great time.

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*This rather "darling" postcard-sized invitation (left and right) was sent to us by an appreciative reader who thought our other readers may benefit from the education. Most enlightening is the list of sponsors - **Tooheys**, **Smirnoff** and, most notably, **Pepsi**. Perhaps we should enlighten these companies why we are not inclined to support gatherings such as these by purchasing their products. Not ever.*

FOR SALE JUDGES

CITIZENS HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN JUDGES

ANYONE WHO BELIEVES IN IMPARTIAL & UNBIASED JUDGES

STILL BELIEVE IN FATHER CHRISTMAS

JUDGES MIGHT BE THE THIRD ARM AND THE BANKS ARE THE HEAD AND THE PARLIAMENT IS THE BODY

SOCIETY IS ALREADY DESTABILISED AS WE HAVE NO RECOURSE TO THE LAW

Your newspaper's latest attack on the Judges of the State (C- M, August 18) cannot be allowed to pass without comment. Your headlines "Free Board" and "Free Use of Rental", referring to benefits you assert have been received by Judges, damage the reputation of Judges and have the capacity to impair, if not destroy, the confidence which I believe citizens of this state have in the judiciary, its integrity and impartiality.

The innuendo in your articles is that those Judges who you assert have received "free board" have been granted a financial favour by the government of the day and those Judges in return have owed or owe the government a favour.

How might that favour be returned? Readers need not have me spell that out.

The government is a frequent litigant in the courts and I must say this; all judges I have known, past and present, have upheld their oaths of office to the full - decisions have been given without fear or favour.

Any citizen engaged in litigation against the State of Queensland has received and continues to receive impartial and unbiased decisions by the Judges.

Unfortunately, by reason of your articles and, I might add, other articles previously published by your newspaper, readers may be led to believe quite wrongly - but appearances are important - that for those litigants who have lost their cases against the State of Queensland there has been some favour (of which they have been unaware) returned by the judge.

Why your newspaper has embarked on a vendetta against the Judges escapes me. The judiciary is the third arm of the government and quite independent of and separate from the other two. A strong judiciary, which I believe we have, is essential to stable government in Queensland.

Judges usually do not write letters to the newspaper but when your newspaper publishes articles such as those of August 18, I cannot remain silent.

If by your attacks on the Judges you are hoping to destroy the integrity of the judiciary and the confidence the members of the public have in judicial independence, then you have embarked on a road which will lead to destabilising our society.

I would add that I have not received "free board" as you call it. However I can say this, I am quite sure that any of the Judges who you assert has received "free board" in London, did not allow that favour to influence any of his decisions in cases before him in which the government was a litigant.

T F Sherpherdson
Justice of the Supreme Court of Queensland
Judges Chambers, Brisbane

JUDGES DO NOT RECOGNISE THEIR OATH OF OFFICE

TO THE BIBLE, OR THE CROWN

INTEGRITY OF JUDGES HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THEMSELVES

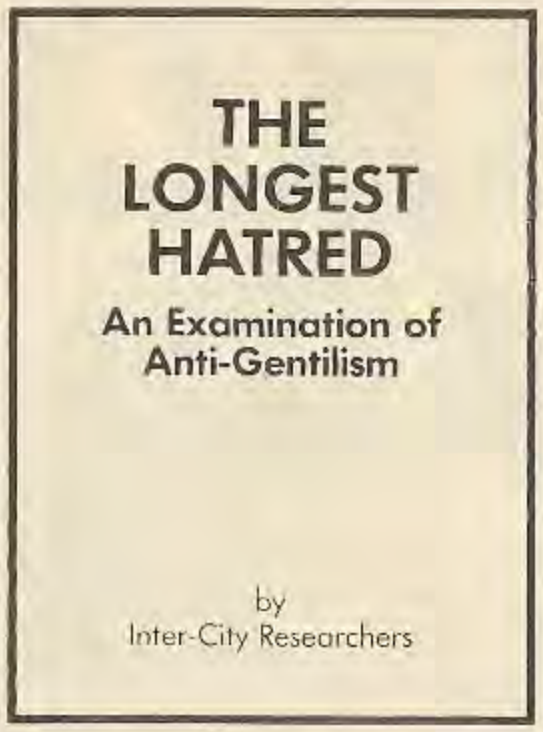
JUDGES DARE NOT GO AGAINST GOVERNMENT POLICY

OR DOES THE

GOVERNMENT PAY THEM

IF YOU KNOW ABOUT A BIASED JUDGE WRITE TO JUSTICE SHEPHERDSON HE CARES

BOOK REVIEW - *The Longest Hatred - An Examination of Anti-Gentilism* by Inter-City Researchers.



When I was a child and asked the question, "Where does money come from and who makes it?" I was told the government makes it at the mint and every year they make some more and distribute it into the community. When I asked about the banks and where the money came from that they loaned out, I was told they loaned out the money other people deposited and charged a higher interest on the loans that they gave on the deposits. This difference paid for their expenses and allowed them some profit. Now I know better, I also know where the above answers come from.

This simple little book of 55 pages is a compact expose of the banking racket and those who control it's game of fraud. Beginning with my not-so-childish question about where the banks get all their money, it clearly dispels our erroneous notions regarding the banks' integrity and generosity. The banks have very little actual money. They don't lend money, they CREATE credit. They enter figures in ledgers or computers representing money and we pay them back with real money covering the principal AND interest. The interest is their profit. They get something, (lots of something), for nothing. This book tells when and how the banking system was invented, who invented it, how it works on individual, national and international levels and its devastating effect on personal lives and societies.

Contrary to popular belief, the government no longer controls the issue of money. They have handed it over to the banks. You may not think that this is such a bad thing. Well think again. When was the last time YOU had ANY say in how the banks run, and when did the banks ever have the best interests of the community at heart? Not that we can say the government does, but at least, for now anyway, we DO have a say in how the government should be run. Even that's debatable these days.

So who are "the banks"? Look no further. This little book will tell you exactly who they are. To quote from page 10: "No study of the banking swindle would be complete without some reference to the House of Rothschild, whose members have established themselves as hereditary Princes of Usury. The family business was started in Frankfurt in the 18th Century by Mayer Amschel Rothschild. He sent his sons to England, France and Austria to establish local branches, and within a generation this family held all the nations of Europe in the grip of debt."

Clearly the problem of national debt to international bankers is not new. The Rothschilds and related families are controlling the nations by controlling their money and will not be satisfied until they control the world through a one world government.

The reason for the title of this book becomes clear when it is demonstrated that the people behind the scenes are mostly, if not all, Jewish. The author shows the control of both capitalism and communism is conducted by the Jewish International Bankers, thus exposing the fraud of "The Cold War" and the real reasons behind the changes in Eastern Europe over the last few years. He also demonstrates the devastating influence of the bankers, through propaganda, on the US and Britain through monetary and political control. Here he shows the negative influence of race-mixing, or to use the "popular" term, multi-culturalism and how it benefits the Jewish cause. Any opposition to this cause of theirs is branded as "racism" by the media which they also control, thereby brainwashing the general public and especially our children.

All this brings us only to the middle of the book. Leaving the issue of the banks, the author then goes on to reveal the cause or motives behind these would be world controllers. In a chapter entitled "Anti-semitism caused by Jewish anti-gentilism", the author exposes the history and ancestry of 80% of the "Jewish" majority as being from the Khazar Empire, making reference to the book by Jewish author Arthur Koestler, "The Thirteenth Tribe". He touches on the Talmud with its incitements to hatred against Christ, Christianity and Christians and the Jewish domination of the film and television media throughout most of the West.

Following on from here the author devotes the next chapter to showing the Jewish control of Masonic secret societies through their sect known as "The Illuminati", and their manipulation of "all the mischief and carnage of the 20th Century." Using the Iraqi conflict in the Middle East as an example, it is made clear to us the consequences of any country who dares to threaten Jewish International Financial interests and/or the State of Israel.

For all that this book exposes, the next eight pages will cause the biggest outcry. Here the author challenges the validity of the "Holocaust". It is rightfully not denied that there were massacres of Jews by German Nazis and their allies during WW!!, but the "other side of the story" is also presented. The "Jewish" side is presented and examined for validity alongside a summary of the "Fred Leuchter Report" (a scientific report refuting the validity of the Jews' claims). The evidence of this report, being of course kept out of the mass media by anxious Jews who control it, thus keeping the majority of Gentiles ignorant, guilty and fearful. This book also says that a copy of "The Leuchter Report" can be obtained from: Focal Point Publications, Duke Street, London. W1M 5DJ.

The final chapter tells the story of the expulsion of the Jews from England in the 1290s and their return under Oliver Cromwell and that the law expelling them has "never lawfully been revoked. Hence all laws which Jewish Members of Parliament have instigated (eg the Race Relations Act) since they were permitted to re-establish themselves, may be viewed as unlawful". The appendix concludes the book, showing the Biblical teaching on Multiculturalism, the Zionist misdirection of education and the great hoax of evolution.

When all this seems so bleak and hopeless, the author finishes with an encouraging word for those prepared to do battle by telling the truth of the return of Christ and the ultimate victory of God. "This is why Jewish World Government will fail and all the machinations of evil men and their stooges will flounder."

The Longest Hatred may be a little book but it certainly delivers a strong message. It's easy to read and economically presented. Somehow I can't imagine the banks lending the publishers money to publish it in hard cover. It certainly caused a stir in England and I'm sure it will here too.

- Jennifer Wilcox

WOMAN SOLDIER KILLED

So read the headline of the Brisbane Sunday Mail September 11th, 1994.

Immediately upon seeing the headline, I assumed, as most people probably would have, that one of our female soldiers serving in Somalia or Cambodia had been tragically killed whilst on active duty. It was only upon reading the story that I learned that the circumstances surrounding the death of Pte Jacinta Wilson and the wounding of Cpl Mike Gardner in the same incident were not just tragic but 100% avoidable.

Pte Wilson was killed when a 9mm Browning Hi Power, which had jammed and was being cleared by another soldier, discharged. The projectile passed through her chest and lodged in the thigh of Cpl Gardner.

Details as to the exact circumstances of the incident are still very sketchy, but it would appear that several fundamental safety rules were breached with tragic results. It is all too easy, however, to lay the blame solely at the feet of the soldiers involved. The soldier who was attempting to clear the weapon was clearly negligent in allowing the muzzle of the gun to face in the direction of other people, but I believe the real blame must rest with the Minister of Defence and ten years of Budget cutbacks by the Labor Government, which have resulted in our Armed Forces personnel becoming almost as big a danger to each other as they are to a foreign aggressor.

I apologise to the career soldiers who will no doubt take offence at these comments, but the sad facts are that the government has created a situation where as many people as possible in the Armed Forces are taken up by public servants and academics. The result is we have a multitude of soldiers who have little or no interest in mastering the very tool upon which their very life may depend.

The Armed Forces have become the very antithesis of what Australia requires to protect us into the 21st Century. Instead of judging applicants on their potential to become a great warrior, they are being judged on whether they passed physics on their HSC. Now whilst it may be helpful to be able to calculate the exact angle required to bounce one of those little 5.56mm projectiles off yonder rock to perhaps frighten your enemy hiding behind the tree over there, I prefer the old fashioned approach, where you take your trusty SLR and cut down the bloody tree and the fellow behind it and take the ground.

The soldier of today has been so effectively emasculated by restrictions on the use of live ammunition, that there is no way that they can become proficient in the use of their weapons. Now I realise that there are some units which, because they will be first on the line in the event of an attack (Christ knows what will happen when they need to be reinforced or replaced), are trained to the extent that they can accurately place their shots, right up until their new plastic toy breaks, but this country must have an Armed Forces in which every cook, driver and clerk, such as those in the 1st Pay Unit in which Pte Watson served, eats, sleeps, lives and breathes guns. The average sporting shooter has had it flogged into him or her since they were first able to lift a gun.

Keep the muzzle pointed in a safe direction at all times, keep your finger out of the trigger guard until your sights are on something you want to shoot, treat every gun as if it is loaded. How many times have you copped a clip around the ear for even the slightest transgression of any of these rules? At first when you were learning you probably made the odd error, most likely not checking the chamber of a gun your father handed you just to check up on you, but because you were keen and handled firearms at every opportunity, it soon became second nature to do all these things. Our soldiers do not handle their weapons enough to be able to hit their target with confidence, let alone develop the instinctive practices required to ensure that even if a weapon does discharge through some form of malfunction etc, that the subconscious has already allowed for it and taken the necessary steps to ensure the shot causes no more than soiled underpants.

The soldiers involved in this incident will probably be hung out to dry, when in fact they had been sent into a situation for which they had not been trained. There should be an immediate re-introduction of Army Cadet units at all secondary schools. It is too late to try to teach a soldier which end of a gun to hang on to when they enlist in the reserves or the regular forces. That should be the time for fine tuning their abilities and teaching them the tactics upon which their lives, and ultimately ours, depend.

About the only situation worse than the plight of our Armed Forces with regards to weapons training is our Police Force. These poor beggars get about thirty rounds every six months with which to become proficient with arguably the most difficult to master weapon there is, ie a medium to short barrelled double-action revolver. Being a competitive pistol shooter, I have seen many police officers loosing off a few rounds down at the range over the years. I have come to the sad conclusion that if you ever become involved in a shoot-out with the police the best thing to do is either stand very still or if you must run do it in a straight line. Zig-zagging could well get you shot!

Just think about this for a moment. These people are charged with the responsibility of protecting you and I and carry sidearms in the event that lethal force may be required to do so. Now I don't know about you, but it makes me very nervous to think that if a bank robber should grab me as a hostage, I may well be in more danger than the person that the cops are aiming at.

Once again the officers are not really to blame. Many of them regard their guns as just a pain in the backside that make it hard to get in and out of the car. If we had a government with the good sense to require our Police officers to be properly trained, the people who feel that their new stainless steel revolvers are great because they are easier to clean the wasps' nests out of, would slowly either come to appreciate that this is perhaps the most important tool that they will ever need, or they will quit; either way we will be safer for it.

Owen Dare

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HE'S COMING HOME!

A Letter of Warning From 1RAR Vietnam

Dear Wife/Mother/Father/Brother/Sister/Uncle/Cousin/Aunt/Girlfriend/Mate/Fiance,

1. This is to inform you that your husband/son/uncle/lover/cousin/nephew/mate/fiance/pet/old friend/brother ..... having completed an arduous tour in the Republic of Vietnam will be returning home to Australia.

2. You should appreciate that he is no longer the sweet unspoilt boy who left Australia fired with the patriotic fervour and zest for adventure. The man with a mission. He is now older, probably leaner, wiser in the ways of the world and possibly short-tempered so, get the women off the streets. hide all the beer and spirits, put a chain around the fridge, lock the cow in the barn and note the following:

a. You must impress upon him that the house and street are considered respectable. There is absolutely no need for him to form a work party to lavishly splash Battalion blue paint all over everything.

b. Whenever you invite some guests in or attend a party forewarn him that the major feature of the evening does not consist of triumphantly carrying each guest to the nearest mud puddle for an impromptu bath.

c. One of the earlier indications of the changes of character will be periodic hot and cold flushes, accompanied by shortness of breath and trembling of the knees. This could be due to malaria, the rigours of Australian climate or mini skirts.

d. He will gaze in awe and fascination at blond hair, blue eyes, trams, clean sheets, hotels and tight sweaters. Remember his only contact with white women has been via the centre pages of Playboy magazine, and he will probably think that all girls have staple marks on their stomachs.

e. Explain to him carefully that the telephone does work and is easy and convenient. To abuse the operator, regardless of how proficient he has become at abusive language, will not have any effect on the system at all.

f. He has become quite used to conversing in abbreviations rather than full words; we would recommend that the following abbreviations be avoided: CO, RSM, OC, RP, CB, 28 and 28, ADJ, POGO, RS, SGT.

g. Store carefully all bottles of pills you may have in the house. He might just want to continue to take two daily and some of **your** pills could have disastrous consequences on him.

h. Flushing toilets will be a source of constant delight to him after he overcomes his initial fear of them. If he grabs a shovel and heads for the back garden merely direct him to the nearest convenience, as you gently relieve him of the shovel.

i. If he is reluctant to rise at a suitable hour - about midday, simply whisper "*lights on the wire*" then stand back and watch as he leaps out of bed with a strangled cry and grovels under the carpet.

j. Try to beat him to the meal table so that he will not come armed with eating equipment, form a queue, loudly demand to be served, denounce the cooks, the cooking and the atmosphere of the dining room.

k. Encourage him to drink out of a glass. If you give him a can he will drink it certainly, but he may then fling it over his shoulder with a roar of "*Up the old red rooster*" and the furniture will suffer.

l. Be careful not to say "*Let's go for a walk*", "*I wish it would rain*", "*You buy me Saigon tea*" or "*It will be on the next jeparit*". He couldn't be held responsible for his actions.

m. Should he desire to go to the movies encourage him. But be careful to ensure that he does not take a cup, chair and umbrella, nor start smoking in the theatre. Above all persuade him quietly to leave all the talking, cheering and commenting to the actors or you may find yourself enjoying the film much less than he.

n. An explanation of how the bathroom works could help. It may save the wasting of rope, ruin a good bucket, and embarrassment to guests as he, ready to shower, races in and out looking for water.

o. Force of habit could force him to do strange things, eg sleep with his boots on, shower in public, swear fondly at his closest friends, denounce all in authority, grind his butts into the carpet. Humour him.

p. Please explain to visitors that he is not used to Australian customs if they complain as he searches them before they enter the house. Then ask them to make allowances if he wanders around the house clad only in a towel or underpants.

"Humour his lapses into anti-social behaviour."

q. Should you go for a taxi ride with him tell him that the driver is not a cheat, robber, dear charlie, or even No 10 simply because he insists on the fare that is shown on the meter at the completion of the journey. Likewise be careful in sending him shopping to your usual places as it just could end the family association with that shopkeeper who is sure of his prices, parentage and hearing.

r. If his face takes a slightly strained expression and he starts for the nearest fence or wall, keep him moving until you can direct him to the nearest public convenience. This may save him unconsciously attracting a crowd he just doesn't want.

s. When he is driving explain that the horn was designed to make a noise but it is not meant to be a continuous din. It is not necessary to reserve one hand to keep the horn honking all the time, he need not pass every vehicle on the road, he had better not disregard all traffic rules, he had better drive on the left hand side of the road as it is he and not everyone else who is the ignorant so and so fool.

t. Do not put him in charge of foodstuffs too soon. He is

used to swapping all he can either to get the best bargain possible or because he has likes and dislikes or just to add to the confusion of an already confused scene.

u. Be very careful in introducing new pets you may have obtained in his absence. We would humbly suggest that if you have any pet mosquitoes, lice, frogs, leeches, march flies, blow flies, all flies, spiders, ants, cockroaches, scorpions, bees, wasps, snakes, rats or mice you should keep them hidden from him for at least ten years.

v. Keep him locked up as the mailman arrives each day. He could become violent, race out, flatten the postie, upend his bag, search it and him and then demand why he has not received a letter.

w. Explain to him pedestrian crossings. He has become oblivious to all traffic danger and may just raise his hand in an oath taking position and start walking across the road like a prophet.

x. We think it best that you avoid mention of exotic South East Asia, beautiful bamboo, the benefits of overseas service and the fun sound of monsoon rain on the roof. Never ask him about powdered eggs, American bacon, hard rations, powdered milk, rubber trees, chlorinated waters, canned beer, rice paddies, mud or Ho Chi Minh.

y. To win his confidence in your ability to do ANYTHING just produce today's paper today and give it to him. Be wary though as he may be suspicious that it is all a fake.

z. Do not be too dismayed if promptly at 6.45 am he rises briefly to beat himself loudly on the breast and shout - "*The fabulous feathered fighter. He's everywhere, he's anywhere*". He is merely displaying his appreciation for his new found hero to replace the Batman of his youth.

3. Please do not worry about the above as we found after IRAR's last tour that most had returned to normality in the space of two years. Try to make him feel important and wanted. Let him think that he is not just a person who must be ordered about if he is to live. Help him to realise that mother-in-law is not the civilian equivalent of RSM and that he may share an opinion and he may express it.

4. Point out to him that in civilisation rain is necessary, bar maids are not easily won, cabbies and shopkeepers are not all scoundrels, and that Vietnam is a long way away, everybody loves him, the mosquitoes won't hurt him and that draught beer is not poisonous.

5. Please do not send any more letters or parcels after you receive this. The Viet Cong could not shatter his composure but civilisation just might. His rehabilitation is up to you, his family and friends.

THANK YOU AND GOOD LUCK

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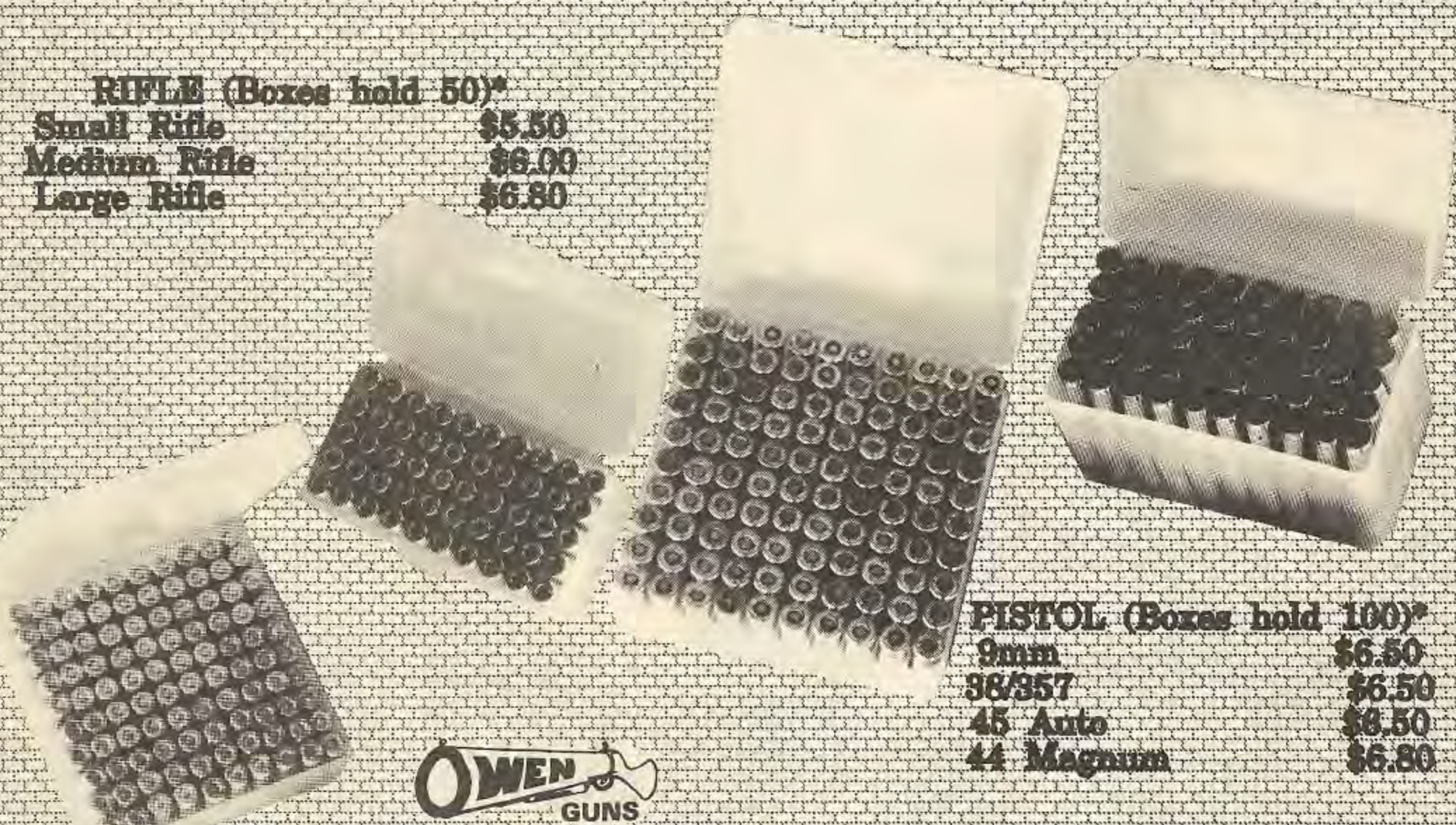

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WAR HATH NO FURS TO A POLITICIAN

**THEREFORE I LIED TO PLEASE THE MOB.
NOW ALL MY LIES ARE PROVED UNTRUE
AND I MUST FACE THE MEN I SLEW.**

Diggers, Diggers' families, Ladies and Gentlemen.

As some of you know, on days like today I am not all that keen on speakers and their speeches. It is generally the practise on Anzac day and Vietnam Veterans Day to have a seemingly endless stream of non-combatants and political leaders talking about sacrifice, duty, honour and loyalty. Words that over the past few years - and today - they seem not to know the true meaning of. These young men that this stone represents knew the meaning of these words.

I was asked by the Vietnam Veterans Association to give an address today. As an ex-soldier who spent four years in Vietnam, I think this practise of ex-soldiers giving a short address, especially on a day like today - is good and must continue.

We are here on this sad occasion to honour and pay tribute to these young men who died and those who were wounded in Vietnam, Borneo, Malaya and Korea. Young men who had a commitment to their country and who showed it.

Honour the Fallen

So many people today talk about Australia and how proud they are to be Australian. Some even get quite aggressive when talking about their country. Talk is cheap! It proves nothing! These young men - and these older men here today - showed their commitment to their country. These young men - and there were hundreds of them - did not let you down; they did not take the easy option or "go with the flow". They knew as did we that you would have to put your life on the line and they did not shirk their duty. They were not disloyal to their leaders.

Some of us here today still carry the wounds we received fighting for our country - against regimes that were corrupt, despotic and evil - who killed and mistreated their own people; who also invaded other countries and enslaved the people.

Wake Up!

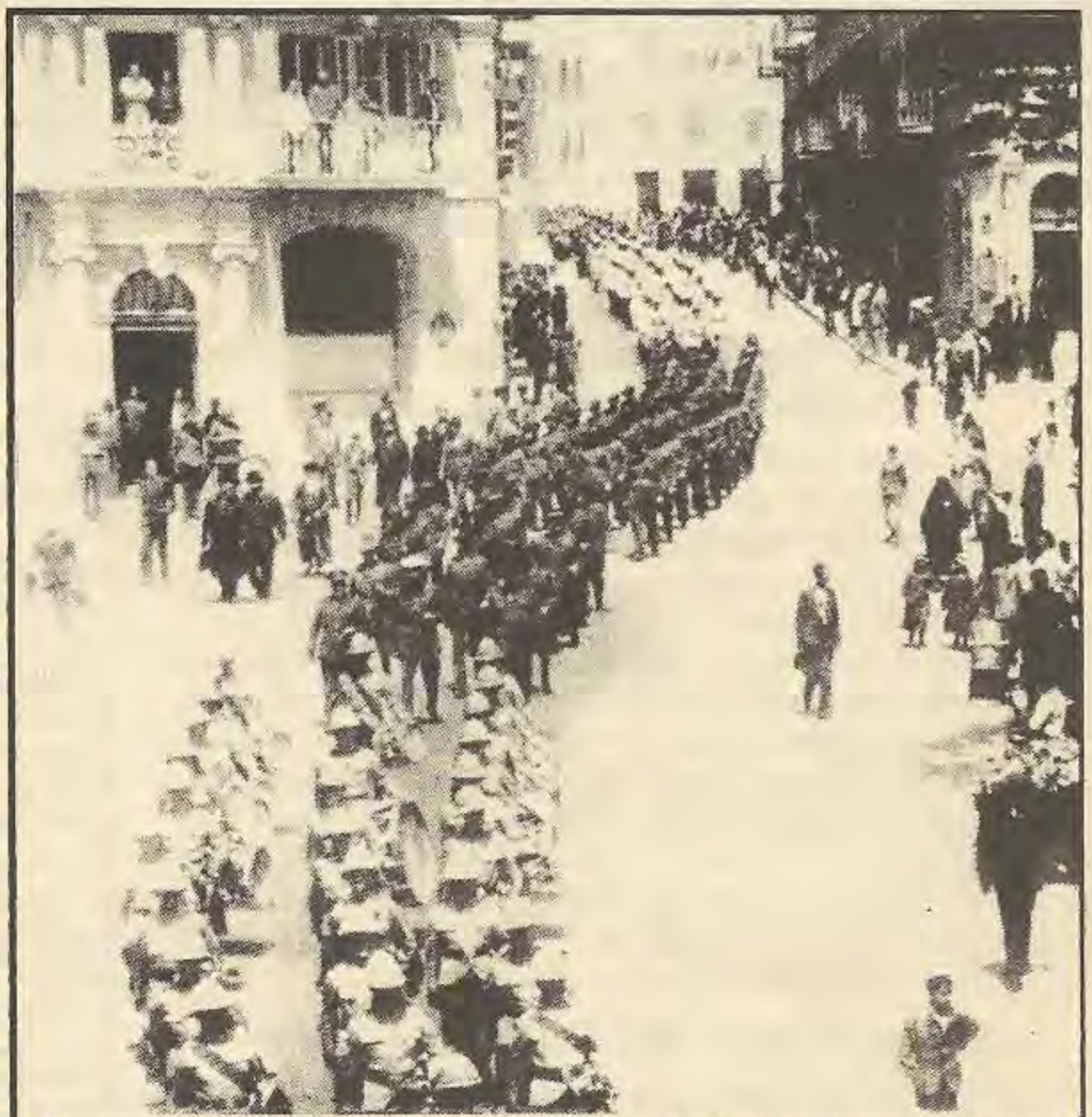
This is not talk from Hollywood or a James Bond book - it is real. There are people out there that want this country and who will use force to take it.

25 or 30 years ago the government sent a battalion plus support troops to Vietnam. Even then back in those days, our defence forces were so small that National Service was introduced to help make up the numbers. It was a disgrace that Australia did not have an adequate defence force that could spare a couple of thousand men for Vietnam. Today it is even worse as the defence forces are far smaller than in the Vietnam era. It is the responsibility of our leaders to ensure that there is an adequate defence force to protect us. We do not want the situation of 1942 when very young militia men literally gave their lives to buy time until an army could be trained. While our leaders talk and prance around with a great deal of pomp and ceremony - it is the young men who have to do the dying!

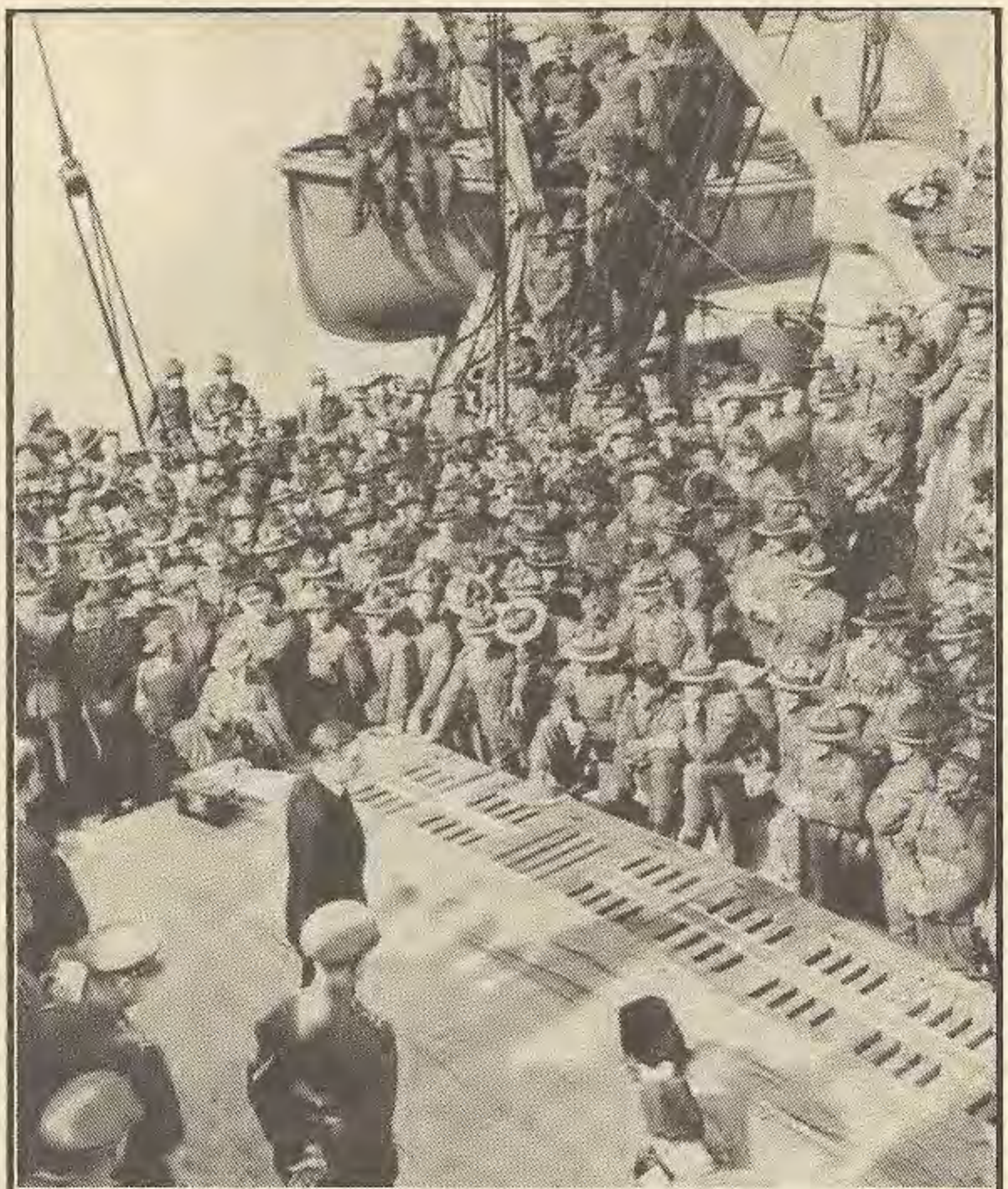
Perhaps we should resort to the system of a thousand years ago when, if the king or tribal leader wished to fight a war - he actually led his troops into battle - was generally right up at the sharp end and knew exactly what it was all about! Sadly today we have very few of our leaders who have actually been in the defence forces let alone up at the sharp end! To further make the point - we have a Vietnam draft dodger - a conscientious objector - a young man quite unlike these young men - who did not want to serve his country - one who does not know what sacrifice, honour and duty is about - yet he has become the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces and President of the United States of America. He - who now sends other young men to war! I wonder if he actually knows what the words honour and duty really mean.

A Word With Two Meanings?

The second point that I would like to make is about that word sacrifice. This word is used all too easily by our leaders and again - I don't think they know what it means. The young men that are represented here by this stone knew all about sacrifice - as do some of us old soldiers here today. For a start we are not encouraged by the attitude of the Department of Veterans Affairs which is staffed mainly by public servants who have never served in the armed forces. It seems to have been given instructions from our leaders to present any and every obstruction it can find to make claims for compensation or benefit to old soldiers as difficult as possible. If it cannot find a way to prevent paying anything at all by lying or concealing documents - it seems to delay them to such a degree that you ask yourself - is it worth all the bother?!!



Brave young Australians honouring their fathers in a wreath-laying ceremony on ANZAC Day 1940 through the streets of Jerusalem



Mr Anthony Eden, Secretary for the Dominions, Pommie Politician, welcomes Aussie and Kiwi troops to Suez in early 1940 on behalf of the King. Which was big of him, considering the most dangerous situation he was likely to encounter was a bad prawn.

Pollie Wanna Cracker?...

I can assure you that I was never given an asset test before I went to Vietnam - in my capacity as instructor and adviser, the young troops that I was to train were only too pleased to see me, as were their troop leaders. However it is all different when we came home. It seems there is always plenty of dollars for Parliament Houses, large comfortable chairs, bigger and better dining rooms, barbecue areas and self- appointed pay increases. It has always amazed me that we are told with absolute sincerity that these things are so vital - including the refurbishment yet again of the Lodge! I suppose that if these essentials were not available - a few of our leaders may claim to know what sacrifice is all about - no barbecue area, no comfortable chairs or massive desk. Far worse than the jungles of Vietnam or the freezing cold of Korea.

...Yep. Where the Sun Don't Shine

I'll make a further comparison to show the huge gulf between most of our leaders and the ex-soldier. I wonder what these young men died for; when you really think of their sacrifice; their example to Australia then consider in those pampered palaces of Canberra, George Street and even here in Mary Street - gauge for yourself the sacrifice of our leaders.

One received a reported $68,000 for falling off a bicycle - what pain; what agony; what trauma; what sacrifice he made for his country, what a fine example of leadership he made for the young soldiers of today.

A Real Inspiration...

Ladies and gentlemen - we have a very fine organisation in Australia called Legacy - it tries to look after the widows and orphans of servicemen who died and the wives and children of disabled servicemen - it is an admirable organisation battling like most against lack of money - but the wives battle on regardless. Maybe they are helped by the vision of sacrifice put to them by the wife of one of our leaders. It was reported that when scalded by a tea urn - she received the grand sum of $47,000 - again without the aid of an assets test! What an inspiration it must be to Legacy; what commitment to ones country; what an example of sacrifice presented to this country by our leaders.

...In the Midst of Hypocrisy

However, it seems there is always plenty for our leaders who, when they retire, show sacrifice and dedication to the less fortunate. Around the country, our elder ladies in their thousands make cakes, etc. That they sell for the Red Cross - that sign that some of us veterans know all too well!! They sell for little profit - ladies that spend many hours unpaid and generally unknown and unrecognised. Yet with great sacrifice to himself, one of our retired leaders has accepted the position of leading these ladies at a reported salary of $100,000 per year. What a fine example of sacrifice and leadership we are given.

And these examples are but a few in the litany of disgrace, self interest and greed shown by our leaders. May I remind them of these young men by the following saying:- "I used to complain because I had no shoes until I saw a man who had no feet."

Be thankful you are alive today - these young men are not!

Thank you.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Jimi,

By now the farmers know exactly where they stand with the Government. They have been allocated about $14 million to drought relief. I wonder how much of this will get through to the people who need it. Probably not much after going through all the red tape. Yet the politicians can give $100 million here, $50 million there to overseas countries year after year, not knowing where most of it goes. It just goes to show what they think of their own people. Some of these countries the money goes to are like a mongrel dog, very nice at the time, but eventually it will turn around and bite you on the arse!

Fifteen percent of the population live in the country (farmers, towns, businesses and mining). They produce 75% of the money, but do not get the funds they should be entitled to. There is huge unemployment in most of the small country towns; decent people who need jobs, people who don't support the Labor Party, but are also critical of the National Party when they knock the unemployed. The people don't need politicians visiting them to promote their own self importance, knowing before they come they are not going to do much. They don't need social workers. They don't need bullshit. What they need is help from the pocket and the heart, because we are Australians or supposed to be.

But when all is said and done all the Government understands is force, whether it is a demonstration or worse. The people must let their voice be heard one way or another, otherwise they will be lost.

Rod, NSW

PS St Luke 22.36 And he that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one.

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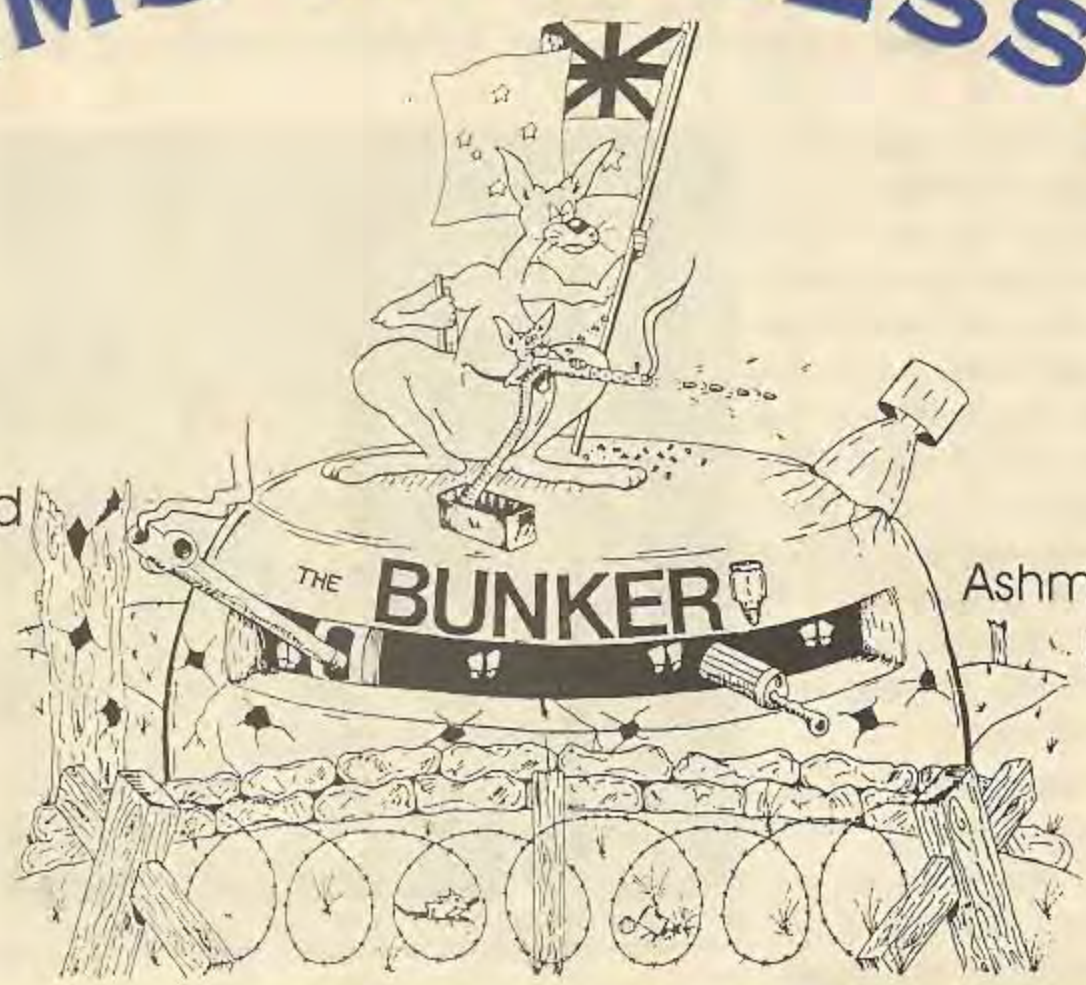

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BOOK REVIEW - *IT HAPPENED TO US* - *by Gunner Finkemeyer*

This is a skilfully crafted book by Colin Finkemeyer gathering together the individual stories of nineteen men of the 4th Anti-Tank Regiment who survived the Second World War under the most heinous treatment and conditions inflicted by the Imperial Japanese Army after the surrender of Singapore in February 1942. The Regiment accounted for itself very well up to the end of hostilities, with one of its Troops having dispatched eight tanks while attached to the 2/29th Australian Infantry Battalion in their desperate struggle at Muar on the east coast of Malaya, while another Troop, attached to the 2/30th Australian Infantry Battalion did similar good work.

The individual stories tell not so much about the actions before Percival's surrender, but about the conditions, about death, about courage, about mateship, about fun and laughter which kept many of them alive for nearly four years, and about the great inhumanity inflicted by the victor on the victims. One in three of the Regiment did not survive to tell their tale! These were mostly young men, tough from farms in the north of Victoria, and their stories are told with the humility of those whose life is not one of penmanship, but the old Australian slang comes through as a breath of fresh cool air in these politically correct days.

Written basically for the members of the 4th Anti-Tank Regiment and their relatives, it is a must for most Australians, for in its simple honesty, and without the need to toe any official line, it is a most vivid reminder of the past, and a warning for the future!

On the Burma Railway, Finky was drilling rocks when the Japanese guard raced up and yelled, "Speedo, speedo", and swiped him with a bamboo rod. Finky told him to "get stuffed". "Enraged, the guard belted me across the head with his stick. Then he pushed me over to the side of the cutting, made me kneel on the ground and then placed a small log behind my legs making me lean back on it. He then made me pick up a heavy rock and hold it above my head. When I lowered the rock he would beat me until I eventually lost consciousness. That night the boys helped me back to camp and I learnt a lesson on survival I was never to forget."

In Ken Dumbrell's story he ends by indicating the conversation by the guard Sergeant at the end of hostilities as :"Dumbrell san, now you number one., we give you the sugar. Five year, ten year, one hundred year, Japan number one, you number ten." I shall never forget the intensity and conviction of his voice."

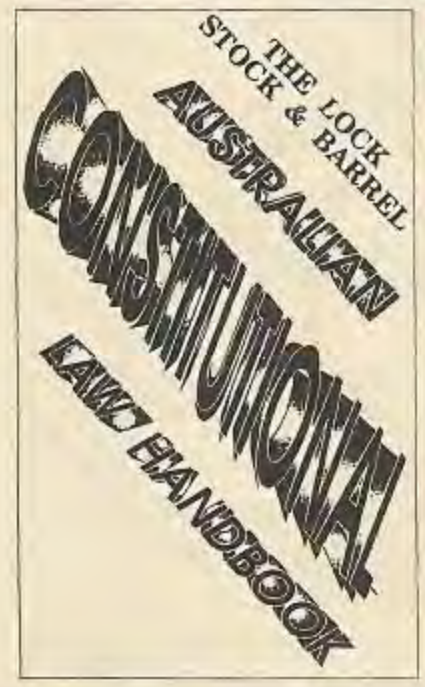
In civilian life I worked with Colin Finkemeyer and we became close friends, and I have never met anyone more at home with people or more inclined to see the better side of people. Yet there remains a bitterness to things Japanese.

A startling look into the lives of brave, brave men and their fight to overcome privation and adversity.

- Robert Downey

Inhumane conditions for prisoners of the Japanese in a hospital ward

Hardback, 352pp, line drawings and front piece pictures of the Regiment's actions in Malaya, 1942. Price (RRP) $35, available from Napoleon's Military Bookshop in Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, Hylands Military Bookshop in Melbourne and the AWM Bookshop in Canberra.



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Freedom is only fought for when there is nothing else to lose

Australians, think about this for a minute. It has nothing to do with gender, rather, it is an historical account of what **your** forbears fought to preserve; **freedom**!

BOADICEA'S REVOLT 61AD

Boadicea rode up to each tribe in a chariot with her daughters in front of her. "We British", she cried, "are used to women commanders in war. But it is not as the descendant of mighty ancestors that I fight now, avenging lost kingdom and wealth: rather as one of the people, avenging lost liberty, scourging, and violation of my daughters... but the gods are at hand with a just revenge... Think of the number of our troops, think of why you fight - and you must either win on this battlefield or die. That is my resolve, and I am a woman: men may live and be slaves."

During the Roman occupation of Britain many of the celtic peoples allied with the invading Romans against their celtic brother and sister tribes, one such tribe was the Iceni people of East Anglica. These allied kingdoms were known (by Romans) as "client kingdoms" and were allowed a certain amount of nominal independence from Roman rule. Upon the death of the King however, the treaty lapsed, and the kingdom (and the Inceni people) was then absorbed into the Roman Empire, the land becoming part of a Roman province, the people becoming citizens of Rome.

The King Prasutagus, prior to his death had named his wife Boadicea and his daughters joint heirs with the Roman emperor Nero, in the hope that part of the kingdom would be retained by the Inceni people, thus providing some sort of independence from Roman rule.

The Roman procurator carried out the "provincialisation" with stunning brutality, raping the princesses and flogging Boadicea. These outrages triggered the pent up fury of the Inceni people. Bent on revenge, a huge force of Britons led by Boadicea descended on several Roman cities including Londinium (London), burning and slaughtering in a determined effort to drive out the Roman invaders.

80,000 Britons died, including Boadicea, and the killing was followed by a famine. The Roman governor Paulinus (Keatingus?) embarked on savage punitive actions; thousands more Britons perished as a result and the Inceni people became extinct. Their status, for those not killed by the Romans, was one of becoming "Romanised". This white tribe of Britain was now brought to its knees and conquered, its independent existence was now terminated, forever!

Boadicea was true to her word. Every single surviving Inceni man, woman and child, from that day forth, lived their lives not as free people, but as slaves to the Roman Empire. Celtic tribes and peoples from all over Europe were eventually conquered, eventually killed off or eventually "Romanised" and their systems of government and self rule were all eventually destroyed to make room for the rise of the Roman style **"state"** system, but that is another story.

Vercingetorix

► Boadicea riding her war chariot into her final battle against the Roman invaders. Although the Celtic forces outnumbered the Romans by 5 to 1, they were completely overwhelmed by the disciplined Roman legionaries.

Ah, the good old days, when your leader actually led you into battle. Even Boadicea was more of a man than any of our politicians today...

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PN-1 Passive, 100m range, light amplification x 2000, $245
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Baigish 3 with Infrared Laser 150m range, light amplification x 2000, $450
NZT-1 with Infrared laser, (Alias "SL Finesse") 150m range, light amplification x 2000, $495
TNS 2.6 with I.R. Laser, miniature 3" x 4", 200m range, light amplification x 4000, $550
NZT-4 with I.R. Laser, 200m range, light amplification x 4000, pocket size, $695
Zenit-NV100 Passive, 200m range, light amplification x 2000, $750
Baigish 19 with I.R. Laser, 250m range, light amplification x 2000, $775
MNV-2 with I.R. Laser, 250m range, light amplification x 4000, $795
Baigish 6 Passive, 800m range, light amplification x 60,000, $1995
Baigish 7c Passive, can connect to 35mm camera, 300m range, light amplification x 40,000, $2100
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Filan Binoculars (Alias "Night Hawk"), 300m range, light amp x 40,000, Russian Army, $895
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NP-3 with IR Laser, 300m range, light amplification x 8000, suit 7.62 etc $1675
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IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND THE ONE-EYED MAN IS KING

BY CARADOC

Up until the turn of the century, infantry wars were fought pretty well during office hours; both sides disengaged at sunset and, apart from some blind patrolling, retired for the night. Let's face it, if you can't see 'em, you can't hit 'em. This state of affairs, of course, brought its own set of problems; while the enemy knew he couldn't be seen, he could reinforce, regroup, resupply, retrieve wounded, set boobytraps, send out patrols, eat, sleep and generally do anything you spent all day trying to stop him from doing.

The civilian side of this story is pretty much the same. Few burglars and vandals will operate in broad daylight, but will wait for the cloak of darkness.

Of course, with the advent of batteries and field generators came torches and searchlights. The infantry in WW1 France could now sweep dirty great searchlights across the lines, catching unwary opponents in the open, while parachute flares did the same. Unfortunately, searchlights, flares and torches also let the opposition know that they are being observed, and give them a nice bright target to aim at. The same goes for security guards; I don't think I would like to be flashing a torch around a warehouse complex in today's triggerhappy environment.

Eat Lots of Carrots

In the 1960s, the Americans came up with the answer: the image converter tube. This device consists, basically, of a tube with a screen at each end and a bank of amplifiers in between. When light (gathered by lenses, like a telescope) hits the front screen, it causes the screen to emit electrons. These electrons are then passed through the bank of amplifiers, which can increase their energy by 60,000 times, and finally are passed to the second screen, which shows a highly light-amplified picture of whatever the tube is pointing at.

Since even the stars supply light, what to the naked eye is a dark starlit night becomes a bright daylight-like scene after amplification. Add to this the fact that no illuminating beam is emitted, and suddenly the battlefield was a whole lot less safe after dark. Stick your head out of your hole at midnight and a sniper with a night-vision scope could still ruin your day.

Things That Go Bonk In The Night

There are occasionally totally dark, starless, moonless nights, and of course there is no light at all in tunnels, buildings, etc. so an answer was found for that too. Infra-red is a part of the light spectrum which is invisible to the unaided human eye, but can be used by specially treated lenses. Fit your night-vision device with a low-power infra-red laser and hey presto, you now have a device which allows you to see in total darkness, while remaining unseen yourself. The devices have been adapted to various forms; small monocular telescopes, binoculars, rifle scopes, head-worn units for night driving/flying, etc.

Developing these devices cost the Americans in the region of $18 million. The manufacturing costs in the US of even a basic unit was (and is) over US$1000 each. The Russians then pinched the technology and developed their own versions of the equipment. Cheap R&D.

Until recently, getting hold of a night-vision device on the civilian market was akin to buying yourself a Rapier missile launcher; nice if you could do it, but you'd better have excellent contacts. Then the Iron Curtain came down, and the old Warsaw Pact disintegrated. The Russian government found themselves with warehouses full of military equipment which would now never be needed against NATO in Europe. Night Vision equipment included.

The soldier is using a Starlight Scope fitted to an M16A1 rifle. The eyepiece is positioned firmly against the eye, otherwise light would 'leak' around the eyepiece, illuminating his face. So long as this is remembered, hostile forces cannot detect a Starlight Scope.

Russian development in the night-vision field closely paralleled American. They designed the same kind of devices: monoculars, binoculars, scopes, headgear, etc. True to Russian engineering principles, however, most gear was Ivan-proofed, ie made to last in the field.

I have seen a US made night-vision device (a "Starlight Scope") ruined (at $2200 each) by a troopie dropping his pack, forgetting it had a scope in it. While it must be borne in mind that the Russian gear is still sophisticated electronic equipment, most units will take normal field abuse.

American and Russian development of night-vision is now in its third generation of devices; they have units now which will pick up the infra-red energy emitted by the human body.

with no illumination of any kind. These devices are horrible expensive, and I wouldn't hold your breath waiting for them to hit the civilian market. If you have contacts in the SEALS, SAS, KGB or Spetzatz you might be able to second-mortgage your house for one, but I doubt it. The Russian equipment now available is all first and second generation, and no American gear is freely available, but hey, in the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.

"I Have A Vision..."

So what kind of capability are we talking about? In monoculars, the bottom of the range is the PN1 passive device, which will give you 100m of daylight vision with 1/4 moon. The TNS2.6 will give you 200m, or 75m using the laser. The Baigish (Owl) 7c will give you 300m and will connect to your 35mm camera. In binoculars, you can't go past the Filan BH 2.5; these are Russian Army units with a daylight vision range of 300m with a 1/4 moon and nearly 1km with a full moon, and built like a tank. The Baigish 12 binoculars perform just as well but have more elegant lines. If rifle scopes are your area, the NP2 or the PON 3 will give you 300m on a 1/4 moon and will mount to any 22 or 223 with dovetails. If you have a 7.62 with dovetails, an NP2AR or NP3 (with laser) will give 300m too. Bear in mind though, that a sniper using a laser-assisted night-vision scope advertises his presence to anyone else who happens to be looking through a night-vision scope! Of course, rabbits and roos won't care. There are 25 different models and types available, to suit just about every need. The NSW Police have been known to use the Baigish 6 monoculars, which give 800m of daylight with only 1/4 moon and over 1km with a full moon.

For the security guard, or the person with acreage, livestock or vehicle yards to protect, laser-assisted night-vision could save your life. If the crim is armed, and you go waving your torch around, what is he going to aim at? Your torch also throws deep shadows around obstacles like walls, wheelie bins, etc, which will hide the guy you're looking for. I know I'd rather stand in the dark and scan the area with a night-vision unit, illuminating darker areas with my laser. At least I'd see him before he knew I was there.

For the troop in the bush, when you start to hear noises out in front at midnight, would you rather hope that the guy with your unit's one and only starlight scope is awake, and that it's working, or would you feel safer having your own night-vision capability?

They come at night, and if you can't see 'em, you can't hit 'em. And believe you me, when you think you are safe in the dark it wrecks your morale when somebody opens fire on you, personally.

If you would like more information on what is available and which unit would suit your needs, see the ad on page 56 for contact phone/fax numbers and postal address

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COLT M1908 .380ACP Semi Auto Pistol Parts Kit. Bore good, all parts excluding frame (not avail.) Slide fitted with screw assbly to retain bbl. Official Variation. X-Shanghai Police. Arsenal Refinished. $225

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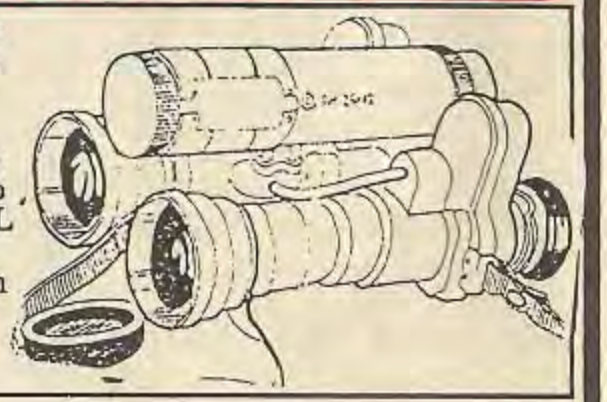
FILIN Starlight Night Binoculars - Available again, Limited qty. 2.5x42, takes 2xAA batteries. Range up to 300m in Starlight, also known by others as: SL Rebel, 57E, Night Hawk etc. - at a much greater price... $750



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WHO WILL LIGHT THE CANDLE TODAY?

What's happened to our moral guardians - the Church? Christians?

Maybe they all went to sleep, or have they been infiltrated, or has the World Council of Churches made them take a vow of silence? They, our moral guardians, are losing ground, miles in minutes. Of course I will admit from the start I have never been any use to them and maybe I have to get involved too. Many Christians are too ashamed to call themselves Christians, some put extra words in to try and establish "a cut above the rest" born again Christians some go the other way and say they believe in the Bible and Jesus Christ but object to being called Christian as they have no wish to be identified with Churches in general. If the Churches and Christians do not "stand up and be counted" and oppose the immoral degradation of society, then decency, the family, the whole fabric of society will be lost forever.

This is a short list of what you are about to lose.

1. Religious freedom, (due to Federal Racial and Religious Vilification Act).

2. Freedom of speech, see Classification of Publications Act.

3. Trial by Jury, when the State takes your kids try and ask for a Jury at the Family Law Court.

4. Self defence, the State does not want you to have the right to defend yourself or family.

5. Freedom to educate your children the way the parents wish (ask for a curriculum at your local state school).

6. Freedom to have a secure neighbourhood and not live in fear of crime.

7. Freedom to discriminate. You were born with this right, but due to the homosexual discrimination act and others you have lost it.

8. The freedom to own property, (since the licensing of firearms in 1992 created the precedence of removing property, it has been followed with "Mabo" and now no freehold title documents).

9. Family, Family Services Act, breaks up homes and turns children against parents.

10. Common law rights, that you use every day under the Constitution, Habeas Corpus, Petitions Rights , Bill of Rights, Magna Carta, just one part for example.

Chapter 29

No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freehold, or liberties, of free customs or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we not pass upon him, nor condemn him, but by lawful judgement of his peers, and by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny or defer to any man either Justice or right.

There is nothing as magnanimous as this in the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. You will not have the protection of the common law. Shortly you will have the same rights as those protesters in Tianaman Square, East Timor, or Waco.

When the Constitution goes and we have a Republic the last remnants of freedom go with it. 2000 years of pain and struggle recede into despotism.

They Don't Make 'Em Like They Used To

Where are the Christians of old? When Christianity was a new movement they conflicted with the philosophies of the Roman Empire. They only had to deny being a Christian an they were released, but the Christian martyrs had conviction. They were the ones who sang songs in the Roman arena as the lions pulled them to bits and ate them. These people kept their ideals and convictions together as they watched the lions crunching up their children's legs. The crowd jeered, laughed, hooted, drank, ate cakes and made bets on who would be eaten first. The Christians stood or kneeled unarmed defenceless as the hungry beasts selected them as a gut tearing meal. Have you ever watched the big cats being fed at the zoo? Imagine the horror if the meal was human and half of it was still alive. The Christians in those days had "true grit". They had an ideal to work towards and sacrificed themselves for future generations.

Fourteen hundred years later the Christians were still at it. They thought the Catholic Pope and the Jesuits wanted world domination (and they might well have been right). Christians stood up for what they thought was right and thousands got burnt at the stake for what they believed in.

Having conviction in what you believe in has always commanded my respect, whether it was a Jehovahs Witness

Nobody could say that this Buddhist monk lacked conviction

banging at the door or a Buddhist monk burning himself to death outside the American Embassy. Even if you know they are wrong, courage commands respect. Where are the Christians today? Christians who have the conviction of Hugh Latimer. Hugh was educated at Cambridge University and was ordained a priest in around 1510. He subscribed to the orthodox Roman Catholicism but in 1525 he came into contact with a group who were influenced by Martin Luther's new doctrines. He converted to protestantism and gained Royal favour by speaking out against the Pope and in support of Henry the Eighth.

He befriended two other rising reformers, Thomas Cromwell

and Thomas Cranmer. These powerful backers, one who was to become Henry the Eighth's head of the Secret Service and the other became his Archbishop of Canterbury, could not protect him from the Church of the day, which was the Roman Catholic Church. Before investigators Latimer refused to subscribe to certain articles of faith such as the existence of purgatory and the need to venerate Saints. He was excommunicated and imprisoned.

An Inspiration

When Cromwell came to power Latimer was elevated in 1535 to the Bishopric of Worcester. His sermons attracted large crowds and were often patronised by the Royal Court. He refused to resume his Bishopric because he wanted to preach without fear or favour. When the Catholic Mary Tudor ascended the throne in September 1553 he was arrested on charges of treason; taken to Oxford for trial he was burned there with the reformer Nicholas Ridley on October 16 1555. At the stake Latimer immortalised himself by exhorting his fellow victim Ridley with the words ..." Be of good comfort, Master Ridley and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out".

When Ridley saw the flames leap up, he cried out with a loud voice, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Lord, receive my spirit!"

Latimer cried as vehemently on the other side, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" He received the flame as if embracing it. After he stroked his face with his hands and bathed them a little in the fire, Latimer died with little visible pain.

The sight of Ridley and Latimer's struggle moved hundreds in the crowd to tears, seeing years of study and knowledge, all the godly virtues, so much dignity and honour- all consumed in one moment.

These days, with few exceptions, Christians only look to God to sort their personal problems out, polish up their knees on a Sunday and keep their head down all week. They do not consider what their fellow parishioners are coping with, they do not consider sharing their economic and social problems with their Church friends. They do not understand that the other side wants them out of the picture permanently, the Christian, his philosophies, his family, are all surplus to requirements.

Some of them might have to be martyrs if they want their children to retain any vestiges of an honest life. If some of them do not find any backbone they will either compromise and join in with the World Council of Churches' socialistic mumbo jumbo with Bishop Tutu or be sent to a re-education camp for people who vilify homosexuals or Jews.

Some Christians might be petty and say. "Oh yeah but what are the non-Christians doing about the New World Order?" Well I would like to remind them that it is not a very good Christian comment. You are supposed to be the guardians of our morals standards. Are not the Christians supposed to show the way? I know of some small Moslem groups that are better organised and are more committed to opposing this insidious war on moral values that are designed to destroy religious conviction and families. They will not send their children to the state school system for brainwashing, they are working together, protecting one another from the economic servitude of the banking system and manufacturing their own silver coins to trade with one another. They do not have enough numbers to break through the publicity barriers but they are stirring up the photocopiers and exposing the system as best they can. They know that they are surplus to the requirements and if they do not stand up, and stand together, they will be in the next gas oven queue, most likely standing next to Christians.

Christians do not want to acknowledge that the other side is at present prepared to spend millions in publicity with the main aim of destroying their families.

Humanists Have Control

The people from the temple of understanding, in the United Nations, have no good God. They only need the people who will conform and compromise to whatever the 6 o'clock news tells them. They will tell all that they can believe in anything they want to, they will tell all that they can do anything they want to, sex with animals, pedophiles adopting children, legalise heroin, euthanasia after fifty, abortion after birth, loot, rape and pillage.

Ridley and Latimer, unwavering in their faith even in the face of death.

Some Christians will say "Yes, but we are doing it - we had eighteen thousand at a rally for the family last week". But no one knew they were there. The millions of people who didn't go couldn't detect a problem, if they heard about it they would just think that was Christians just being Christians, they must be happy. They were too busy at the football, was it something about the family? "Oh, how nice." They did not burn effigies of known political entities that are pro-sodomites and are pro drugs, they did not block the traffic up for a day.

If we had eighteen thousand committed people at one spot in Brisbane for the day, we could really do something. We could make the government leave, stand down and force a new election, make the masses aware of the problems. There are not enough police or army to obstruct that amount of people, especially if they brought their own cars and parked them outside Parliament. The ultimatum to the Parliament is "Stand down or we stay". Last year with approximately 100 cars we blocked up the Brisbane city for four hours, with eighteen thousand cars, it would be a disaster ten times worse then the San Francisco earthquake. No one could get in or out of the

city until we agreed to go home. That's how your effort can be peacefully utilised to the maximum, that's how you command media attention, by your actions. Not what you think, or what you say, it's by your actions that you are known. Don't have a Rally for the Family at the weekend, every weekend the city is a ghost town. Don't try to get the media at the weekend when they are all at the football. The Christians have to take the day off work, they have to be committed to taking affirmative action on working days. They have to know that you are a force that can not be put to sleep. That you are a force to be reckoned with.

Speak Out

Please let us hear your protestations again, speak your peace before is too late.

Because of Bishop Latimer and others' efforts protestants won for themselves privileges and rights that no other religion has ever had. They were won at great cost of human life and suffering, with much forethought and planning. That effort culminated and was enshrined in "The Bill of Rights of 1689" which has given protestants protection for the last three hundred years. In the last ten years they have been whittled away and suppressed. The internationalists have nearly succeeded in eliminating this "Bill of Rights". When they win themselves a Republic, the rights will be gone forever, so it's now or never, Christians. Try to remember what the word protestant was first used for; it was for being protesters; well it's about time they did a bit of protesting again in a big way.

Where are those Christians from the Roman days? Wouldn't it be better to have a Bishop Latimer instead of a Bishop Hollingsworth? Decide to protest, or prostrate yourselves to the New World Order.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Jimi,

Re the letter from D.McColl in your last issue. Thank goodness people can and have bought Chinese guns which are solid and reliable, otherwise they would not have the type of gun they want.

Of course we would like to buy a good reliable and simple well-made Australian gun in 223 or 308 calibre, but the last private factory was bought out and closed by the Federal Government. I believe an Australian made gun would sell very well.

Yours sincerely, Lou, NSW

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Never before in the history of this great land have Australians been faced with such an attack on their basic freedoms and rights. The time has come to make a stand. Two things must be done to save our country, the first is, CONFEDERATION of organisations and citizens who value liberty, the flag and our constitution. Once this is achieved the second requirement is positive ACTION. The Confederate Action Party was formed to meet this vital need. The major political parties offer no solutions - only betrayal. It is also unrealistic to expect independants and individuals to save our nation. UNITED WE STAND DIVIDED WE FALL. Help us in the fight for our country - join the Confederate Action Party.

"All that is necessary for evil to triumph is that good men do nothing"
Edmund Burke

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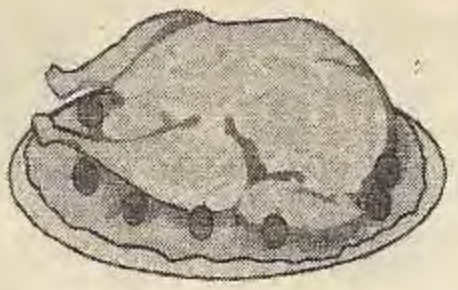

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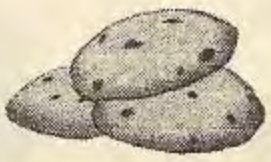

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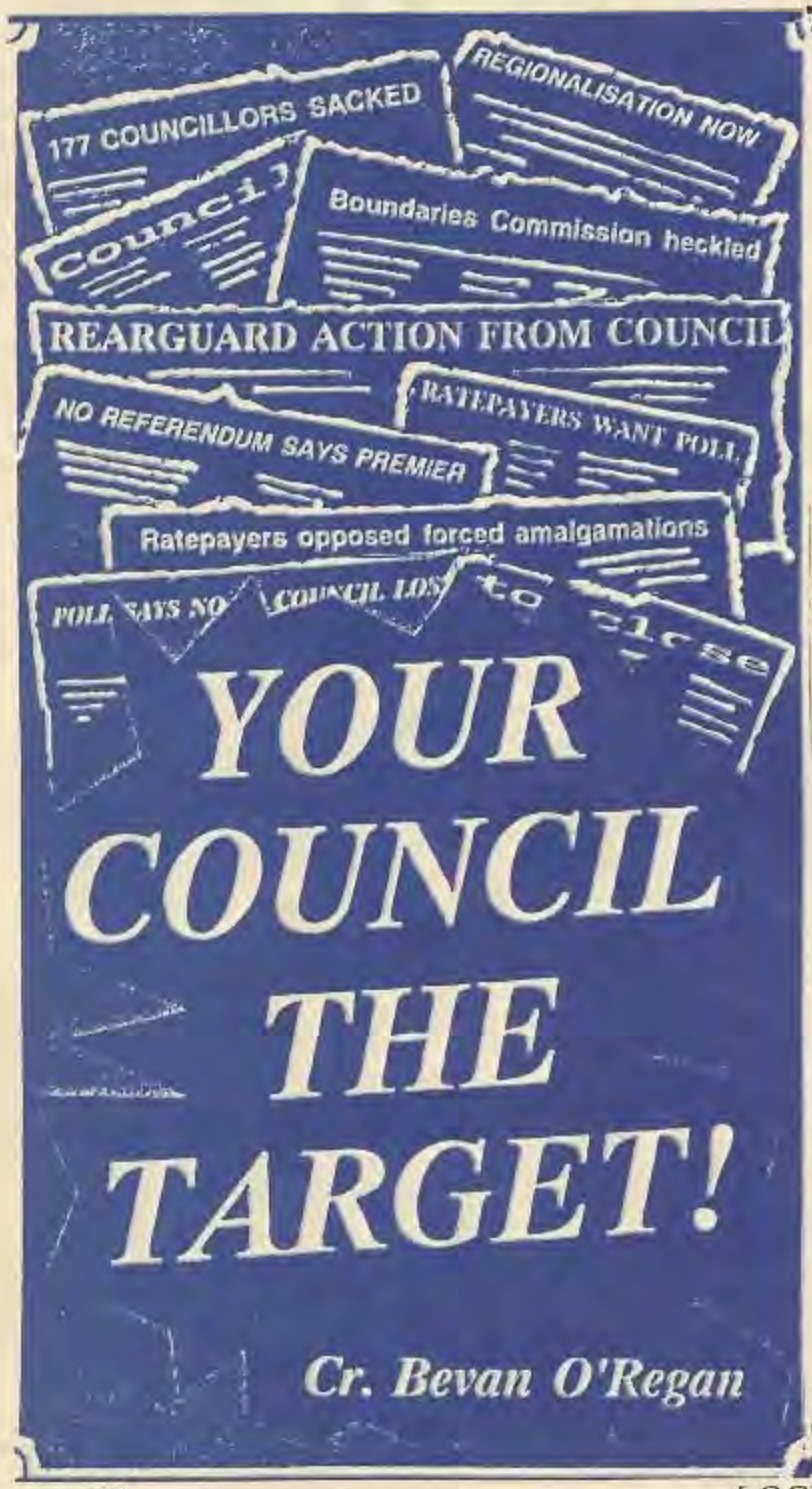

Australia has ratified the Treaty on the United Nations International Union of Local Authority. This body has its leadership in Djakarta, Indonesia, under the misuse of the External Powers Section of the Australian Constitution.

Mr Keating has appealed for a national grid of local councils to form a National General Assembly of Local Government. This General Assembly will be funded by the Federal Government, which will eventually eliminate the State Governments of Australia and introduce a Republic by default.

Amalgamations of Councils into Regions will diminish your say in local government. This video contains all the facts.

Bevan O'Regan is the Shire President of Narrabri, NSW.

Watch it and show a copy to your councillor.

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COUNCILS AMALGAMATE TO CANBERRA

BY JERMY LEE

Australians, in their innocence, believe the debate on Keating's republic will be resolved before the end of the century in a nice gentlemanly referendum to change the Constitution in accordance with majority will.

They're being taken for the greatest ride in history!

The foundations of federal Australia are now being so mangled that the chance of a considered opinion by Australians is being sabotaged.

COUNCIL AMALGAMATIONS

In Victoria, Western Australia, South Australia and Queensland the ugly issue of forced amalgamations is raising its head. In every case the desires of local communities are being discounted. In the worst-case scene of Victoria, a quarter of the State's population now has no local government representation, and no prospect of changing this for at least two years. By Christmas it is estimated 75% of the State population could be in the same boat. Instead of local Councillors, State Commissioners are now telling people what they will do, and how much they will pay, while they busily unbolt local assets - even down to cemeteries - and flog them off.

All this under the hand of the Kennett Government, which campaigned for election on the promise it would never foist unwanted amalgamations on local communities!

BIGGER PLAN

How have State politicians, like circus performers, been taught to do backward somersaults?

The whip is Canberra's financial monopoly. No obedience - no money!

The plan is as old as Dr H.V. Evatt, 'Nugget' Coombs, Gough Whitlam and the Fabian design of a unitary Australia with no State governments, no Upper Houses, and no Monarchy!

Twice, Australians have been asked in constitutional referenda to allow Canberra to deal directly with local councils, by-passing the States. Twice the people have emphatically voted "No!"

Undeterred, both the Hawke and Keating governments have pressed on with the bait; forcing local councils to amalgamate into regional governments to qualify for federal handouts.

Once a number of regional governments are dependent on the goodies from the Canberra money-bag, they will be used to replace the States, which will wither and die for lack of finance.

ABOLISHING THE CROWN

With this scenario in mind, a mind-boggling stage was set by former Prime Minister Gough Whitlam and Mayor of Concord, Alderman Peter Woods at the Institute of Municipal Management National Congress in Canberra on May 17, 1993.

Giving the key-note address, Whitlam said:

"A month ago the State Executive of the Local Government Association of New South Wales endorsed the views of its President, Alderman Peter Woods, for the abolition of the States and the replacement of the States with a Federal Government and regional governments .... Municipal Government will find it easier to persuade the federal government to expand the responsibilities of and co-operation with municipal government by legislative and administrative means than by referendums.....The Government, with its concern for regional policy, has no more urgent reform that the full regionalisation of government funding programmes .... We should have a House of Representatives for international matters and nationwide national matters, an assembly for the affairs of each of our dozen largest cities, and regional assemblies for the few score areas of rural production and resource development outside those cities...."

Whitlam was followed by the President of the Australian Local Government Association, Alderman Peter Woods:

"On the agenda for 2001 is the question of Australia as a Republic. Some of you may wonder what this has to do with partnerships between spheres of government.

Almost twenty years later Gough Whitlam has the last laugh.

It is a fair question.

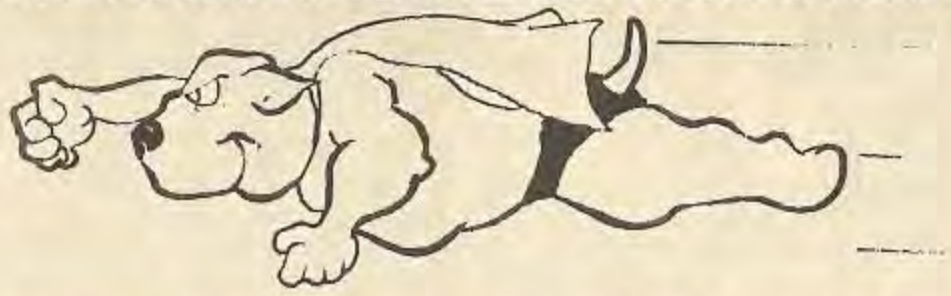
If we remain a Constitutional Monarchy we will almost certainly remain in a Federation. If we get rid of the Monarchy there is a chance that, sooner or later, we will wake up to the fact that as currently structured State Governments are singularly inappropriate ... they are the wrong structures, with the wrong tools in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I propose that the Australian Local Government Association should call together the first "General Assembly of Local Government" in Australia in October 1994. This will be a new form of Parliament - a new process. I propose that Councils in each region based on the federal electorate, elect three of their council members to be voting delegates to the general assembly. I would expect each delegation to be backed by appropriate Local Government advisers ..."

That Conference has now been finalised for the first week in November (Nov. 6-9) If unsuspecting local councillors are conned into taking part in this unconstitutional and illegal new type of Parliament in Australia, the scene will have been set for the eventual abolition of the States, the Fabian dismissal of the Crown, and the lurid dawn of Keating's new Republic.

Unless a few Australians learn the long-disused art of saying "No!"

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF.....



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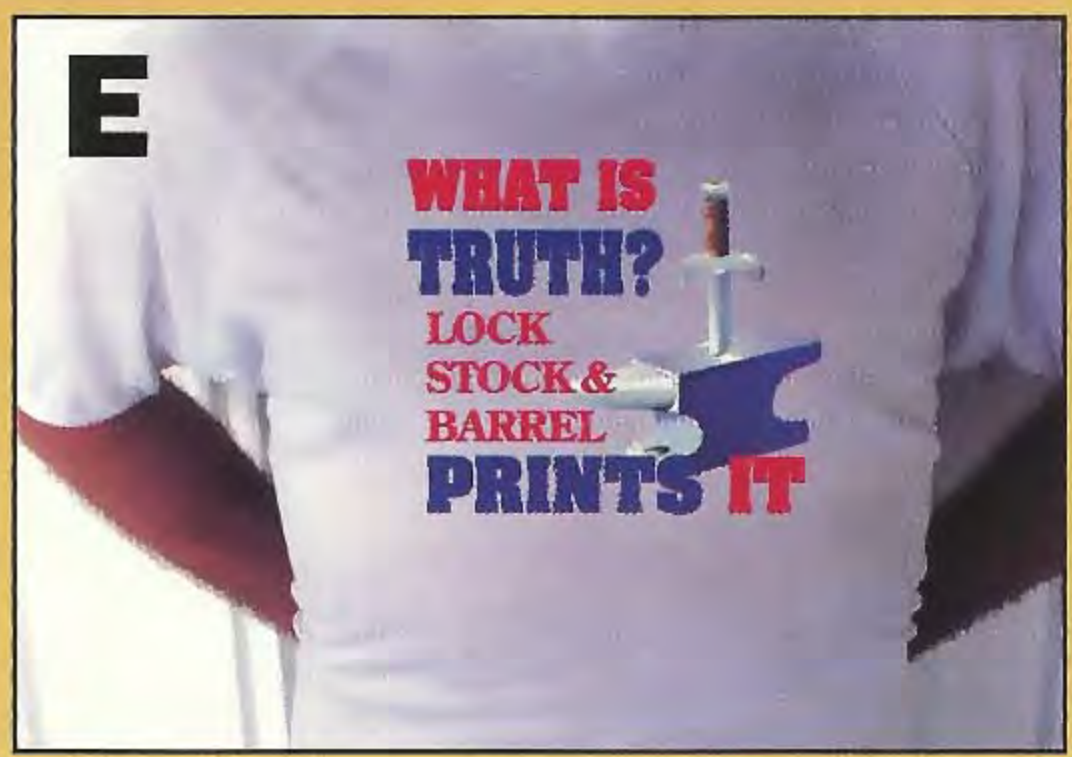

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